Dec. 28, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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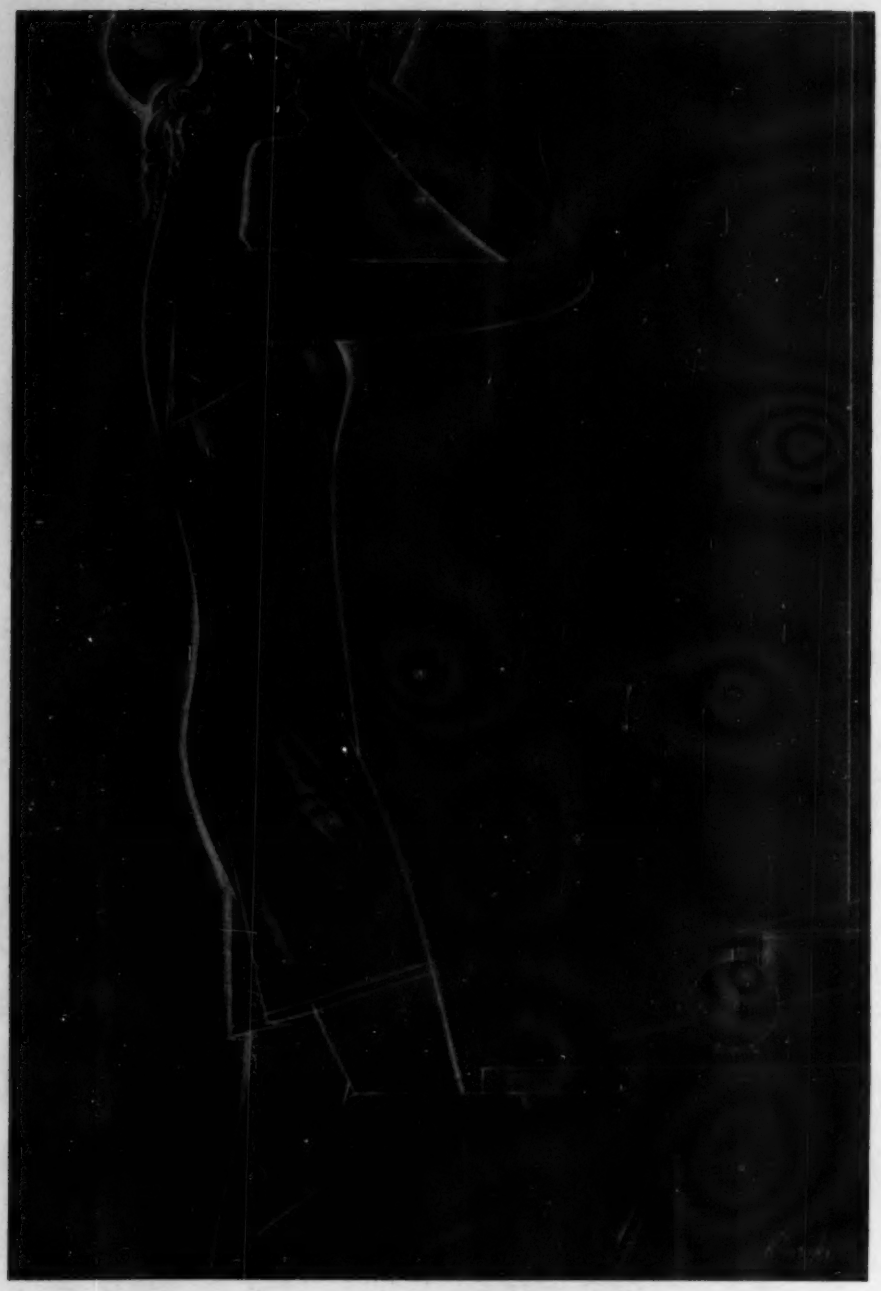

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" and at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC." Matinées will be given on Saturdays and on the days listed below. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BERKELEY SQUARE—The London of George III through the eyes of a modern young man who plays ghost. A fine adventure in metaphysics which almost comes off. With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mats. Fri. and Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants. (Masque, 45, W. Mats. Tues. and New Year's Day.)

BROKEN DISHES—Donald Meek making the old part of the henpecked husband something fresh and touching. The play is fairly regulation, but it doesn't seem so. (Ritz, 48, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—A pretty light affair, but it is delightfully performed by Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen, and Ernest Glendinning. (Empire, B'way at 40. Mats. Fri. and New Year's Day.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Sea Gull," Tchekov's moving play of love-distraught people. (Fri. Eve., Dec. 27; Thurs. Mat., Jan. 2.) . . . "Peter Pan," Barrie revival. (Sat. Mat., Dec. 28; Wed. and Sat. Mats., Jan. 1 and 4.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," Spanish light comedy. (Sat. Eve., Dec. 28; Wed. Eve., Jan. 1.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Jacob Ben-Ami in Tolstoi's play. (Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Dec. 30 and Jan. 2.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English with Miss Le Gallienne. (Tues. Eve., Dec. 31.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 3.) . . . "La Locandiera," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 4.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—Arthur Byron giving one of his unfailing performances in a drama of prison life made vivid by Mr. Johnson's settings. (National, 41, W. Mat. Thurs.)

GAMBLING—First act great, second act good, third act just nothing as a solution to a murder mystery. But George M. Cohan is in it, which makes everything all right. (Fulton, 46, W. Mats. Fridays and New Year's Day. Closes Sat., Jan. 4.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Sparkling and effective comedy of small-town life. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Fri., New Year's Day, and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Fridays and Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The kind of comedy you would expect from Ring Lardner and George Kaufman, which is to say the best on the market. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Mats. Fri., Mon., Tues., and New Year's Day.)

MANY WATERS—A quiet little play with a lot of sentimental value. It also has brought Ernest Truex back to us from England. (Times Square, 42, W. Mats. Fridays and Thurs. Closes Sat., Jan. 4.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A highly satisfactory blending of A. A. Milne's more mature moods, involving a couple who might much better have told the truth to the police. Henry Hull and Edith Barrett head a good cast. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. daily, 2:40 P.M.)

SALT WATER—What you get if you happen to be Frank Craven and want to go to sea with only a ferryboat to go in. (Golden, 58, E. Mat. New Year's Day.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—Don't be silly. You know about this, with William Gillette in it. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. New Year's Day. Closes Sat., Jan. 4.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and important play. (Moves to Ambassador, 49, W. Fri. Eve., Dec. 27. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Mon., Tues., and New Year's Day.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. The best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. New Year's Day and Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Murder in the subway. Ingenious and fun to watch. (Liberty, 42, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 4]

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN TOYLAND—Another popular Victor Herbert revival. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mats. daily through Sat., Jan. 4.)

BITTER SWEET—Noel Coward wrote the book, music, and lyrics, possibly to prove that he doesn't always have to be amusing. Miss Evelyn Laye takes very good care of the feminine-charm department. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Easily the best of Mr. Carroll's shows. Still a little off-color, but very funny in spots. Will Mahoney, alone, is worth seeing. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A fast-moving trip through the American shrines in Paris, filled in with Cole Porter's songs and plenty of gags. The cast includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and especially, Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Not so good as last year's, but good enough. Willie and Eugene Howard and Frances Williams are the mainstays. (Apollo, 42, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

HEADS UP!—A musical comedy in modern dress. Plenty of laughs from Victor Moore, and a Rodgers-and-Hart score with Barbara Newberry, Retty Starbuck, and Jack Whiting to do it justice. (Alvin, 52, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, smart intimate revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mats. Mon. and Thurs.)

ROBIN HOOD—Revival of the DeKoven operetta. (Casino, B'way at 39. Mat. New Year's Day.)

SONS O' GUNS—The war in musical comedy and without offence. In fact, with a great deal of delight, especially through Jack Donahue. (Imperial, 45, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

SWEET ADELINE—Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and a Kern score. Try and get in! (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. Mat. New Year's Day.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" in an excellent production for those who swoon at Viennese music. (Majestic, 44, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve., except Mon. and Thurs., at 8:50. Mats. Sats., New Year's Day, and Thurs., at 2:50.)

FRED KEATING AND ALBERT CARROLL—In a joint recital of magic and impersonations. (49th Street, 49, W. Every Eve. at 8:50, through Sat., Jan. 4. Mats. Sats. and New Year's Day.)

VAUDEVILLE—Richard Bennett, Ted Lewis, and Helen Ford are at the Palace Fri., Dec. 27. Estelle Taylor, Charles Ruggles, and Al Traban will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Dec. 28. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—St. John Ervine's comedy, with Grace George and A. E. Matthews. Opens Sat., Dec. 28. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Tues. and New Year's Day.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Charles B. Cochran's London revue, music and lyrics by Cole Porter, with Jack Buchanan. Opens Mon., Dec. 30. (Selwyn, 42, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Fri. Special performance New Year's Eve., Dec. 31, at midnight.)

The following opened too late for revue in this issue:

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—A dramatic fantasy from the Italian of Alberto Casella, with Philip Merivale. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

HALF GODS—Sidney Howard's new play, with Mayo Methot, Dorothy Sands, and Siegfried Rumann. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

METEOR—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in a play by S. N. Behrman. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. New Year's Day and Thurs.)

RICHELIEU—Walter Hampden in a revised version of the Bulwer-Lytton play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. Mats. Fridays and New Year's Day.)

TOP SPEED—A musical comedy by Bolton, Kalmar, and Ruby, with Lester Allen and Irene Delroy. (46th Street, 46, W. Mats. Fri. and New Year's Day.)

FOR CHILDREN

BUFANO'S MARIONETTES—"Cinderella" and "Orlando Furioso." Fri. and Wed. Afts., Dec. 27 and Jan. 1, at 3; Sat. Morn., Dec. 28, at 11. (Garrick, 35, E.)

HÄNSEL AND GRETEL—Presented by the Charlotte Lund Opera Co.: Fri. Morn., Dec. 27, at 11 (Town Hall, 43, E.) . . . By the Juilliard Graduate School, Albert Stoessel conducting: Sat. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

HECKSCHER THEATRE—The Juvenile Players in "The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Aft., Dec. 28, at 2:30. . . . Sue Hastings' Marionettes, Tues. Aft., Dec. 31, at 2:30. . . . "Racketty Packetty House," Thurs. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 2 and 4, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE JUNIOR PLAYERS—Dance pantomime, "La Boutique Fantasque," with Rossini-Respighi music, and "Mascaiada," a Basque folk-scene. Fri., Sun., Mon. and Tues. Afts., Dec. 27, 29, 30, and 31, at 3; Sat. Morn., Dec. 28, at 11. (Booth, 45, W.)

TATTERMAN MARIONETTES—"The King of the Golden River" and "Hey Diddle Diddle." Weekday Morns., at 10:45, through Sat., Jan. 4. "Pan Pipes and Donkeys' Ears" and "The Three Billy Goats Gruff." Weekday Afts., at 2:45, through Sat., Jan. 4. (Lenox Little Theatre, 52, E. 78.)

THE TEMPEST—Shakespeare's play, presented by the children of the King-Coit School. Sun. Eve., Dec. 29, at 8:30 (subscription performance). Wed., Fri., and Sat. Afts., Jan. 1, 3, and 4, at 3:30. (Garrick, 35, E.)

TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES—"Rip Van Winkle." Every Aft. (except Sun. and Tues.) at 3, through Sat., Jan. 4. "The Stolen Princess" and other plays: Morns. of Dec. 26, 27, 28, 31, and Jan. 4, at 11. (Assembly, 39, E.)

DANCE RECITALS

RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN—Two famous

(Continued on page 6)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 4]

(Continued from page 4)

American dancers in a series of recitals. Every Eve. (except Dec. 28 and Jan. 3) at 8:50, through Sat., Jan. 4. Afts. of Dec. 27, 28, 30, Jan. 1 and 4, at 2:45. (Forrest, 49, W.)

DUNCAN DANCERS—Irma Duncan and the Isadora Duncan Dancers. Sat. Aft., Dec. 28, at 2:30. (Carnegie Hall, 7 Ave. at 57.)

HENRI—Representations and impressions in dance form to modern music. Sun. Eve., Dec. 29, at 9. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CANDLELIGHT COMEDIETTA, 12 E. 60 (Volunteer 6000)—Midnight playlets and divertissements in the Continental manner. Opening promised for Fri. Eve., Dec. 27, at 11.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra and Joseph Urban décor.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the dancing of Moss and Fontana, and Libby Holman moanin' low. Beatrice Lillie will be the big attraction starting Fri., Jan. 3. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Irene Bordoni will appear through Sat., Jan. 4. Harry Richman is due back again on Mon., Dec. 30.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), where you will find Ruth Etting, Rosita and Ramon, and Harry Rosenthal and his orchestra.* . . . Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has that mad trio, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . The Yacht Club, 117 W. 48, has the Original Yacht Club Boys. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence of Paris.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an attractive new place, with the California Collegians providing the music. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by Jack Powell, the trap-drummer. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Russiana, 44th Street Theatre Bldg., 44, W. of B'way, has Kosloff and an entertaining show. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is another amusing new place. . . .The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12, and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. Should please even the most fastidious. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GENERAL CRACK—Eighteenth-century romance, with John Barrymore carrying on as usual. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE LOVE PARADE—A comedy with music and Chevalier, and altogether very pleasant. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat., Sun., and New Year's Day, at 6 P.M., and New Year's Eve at 11:45 P.M.)

PARIS—With Bordoni, Louise Closser Hale, and Jack Buchanan, but without some of the Cole Porter songs. (Strand, B'way at 47; Fri., Dec. 27 through Thurs., Jan. 2; performances continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

THE SKY HAWK—Noteworthy for its scenes of London air-raids in ye olde Zeppelin days. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and New Year's Day, 2:45, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—With Douglas Fairbanks as Petruchio and Mary Pickford as a very pretty Kate. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE TRESPASSER—Gloria Swanson, beautiful and competent, in a trite and clumsy drama of love, honor, and stenography. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; starting Sat., Jan. 4; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE VIRGINIAN—Owen Wister's famous old novel of the West, with Gary Cooper. (Rialto, 7 Aye. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events, without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Applause," Helen Morgan as a burlesque queen in a tragic story of backstage life; "Condemned," Riviera romance transplanted to Devil's Island, with Ronald Colman; "Gold Diggers of Broadway," a spirited musical show from the Avery Hopwood farce; "Hollywood Revue," full-sized musical revue, with half of Hollywood in the cast; "The Mysterious Island," the Jules Verne story about the first submarine and what there was at the bottom of the sea, part talking, with Lionel Barrymore; "Show of Shows," very showy, but not much else.

ART

AMERICANS—At least ten of our best painters in a show of nineteen selected by ballot. One room worth your visit and cheers: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BEGINNERS—Third show of the young men and women who hope and aspire. Chosen by Eugene Speicher: Opportunity Gallery, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DESPIAU—One of the best sculptors, with twenty-nine pieces. An all too rare occasion to see real beauty in this medium: Fifty-sixth Street Galleries, 6 E. 56. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 28 only.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT—Not steamer baskets, but anything for a name. Fine collection of modern French, with a few of the home talent sneaking in under the tent: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Modern French water colors; also some fine English color prints: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRIESZ—A representative showing of one of the popular painters: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

KISLING—One of the clever boys who has a following: Balzac, 40 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LEFT WING—Friedman, Canadé, Hirsch, and some others. An important show of a small group who are essentially American; Bourgeois, 693 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 28.

MATISSE—Stunning late examples of the great French colorist: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat. Jan. 4.

PRINTS—The best of the natives who work in black and white, Peggy Bacon, Wickey, Kuhn, Kuniyoshi, etc.: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Dec. 31.

STUDIO BITS—Water colors and drawings. Small masternieces by some of the best French and some of the lesser lights: de Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

JOSÉ ITURBI—The year's greatest piano success in a second recital. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 29.

MUSICIANS' GAMBOL—Ernest Schelling chaperoning Bori, Bauer, and other musical eminences ranging alphabetically to Sousa and Stoessel, in an informal benefit. Something really different. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 30.

YEHUDI MENUHIN—The original violin prodigy of our times. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 3.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 29; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 3, at 2:30 . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Dec. 28, at 11 (Children's Concert).

ORATORIO SOCIETY—"The Messiah," Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 27.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 31, at 8:45.

CONDUCTORLESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Nobody conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 4.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"The Girl of the Golden West," Fri. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2; "Andrea Chenier," Fri. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," Sat. Aft., Dec. 28, at 2:15; "Lohengrin," Sat. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8; "Rigoletto," New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, at 8:15; "Carmen," New Year's Day, Jan. 1, at 2. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

BOXING—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Dec. 27 and Jan. 3, at 9:30, over WMCA.

FOOTBALL—Army vs. Stanford, from Palo Alto, Calif.: Sat., Dec. 28, at 4:45 P.M., over WEAF.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting orchestra, with Percy Grainger as soloist: Sat., Dec. 28, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Dec. 28 and Jan. 4, at 9:30, over WABC.

REINALD WERRENRATH—Directing the Choral Art Singers: Sat. Eves., Dec. 28 and Jan. 4, at 11, over WEAF. . . . As baritone soloist: Tues., Dec. 31, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Dec. 29, at 3 P.M., over WOR. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat., Dec. 28, at 11 A.M., over WOR.

BALDWIN HOUR—Faina Petrova, soprano; Gilbert Ross, violinist; with Wiktor Labunski, pianist: Sun., Dec. 29, at 7:30 P.M., over WEAF.

FREDERICK JAGEL—Tenor: and Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist: Sun., Dec. 29, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

HOCKEY—N. Y. Americans vs. Pittsburgh, from Madison Square Garden: Sun., Dec. 29, at 10 P.M., over WMCA.

ADIA KOUZNETZOFF—And his Russian singers: Mon., Dec. 30, at 9:30 P.M., over WEAF.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT—Baritone; and Richard Crooks, tenor: Thurs., Jan. 2, at 10 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Tuffy Griffiths vs. Johnny Risko, Fri. Eve., Dec. 27; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

AMATEUR HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: Toronto vs. Harvard, Sat. Eve., Dec. 28. . . . Dartmouth vs. Princeton, Wed. Eve., Jan. 1. . . . Yale vs. Toronto, Sat. Eve., Jan. 4.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Eve., Dec. 29. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Ottawa, Tues. Eve., Dec. 31. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. N. Y. Rangers, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 2.

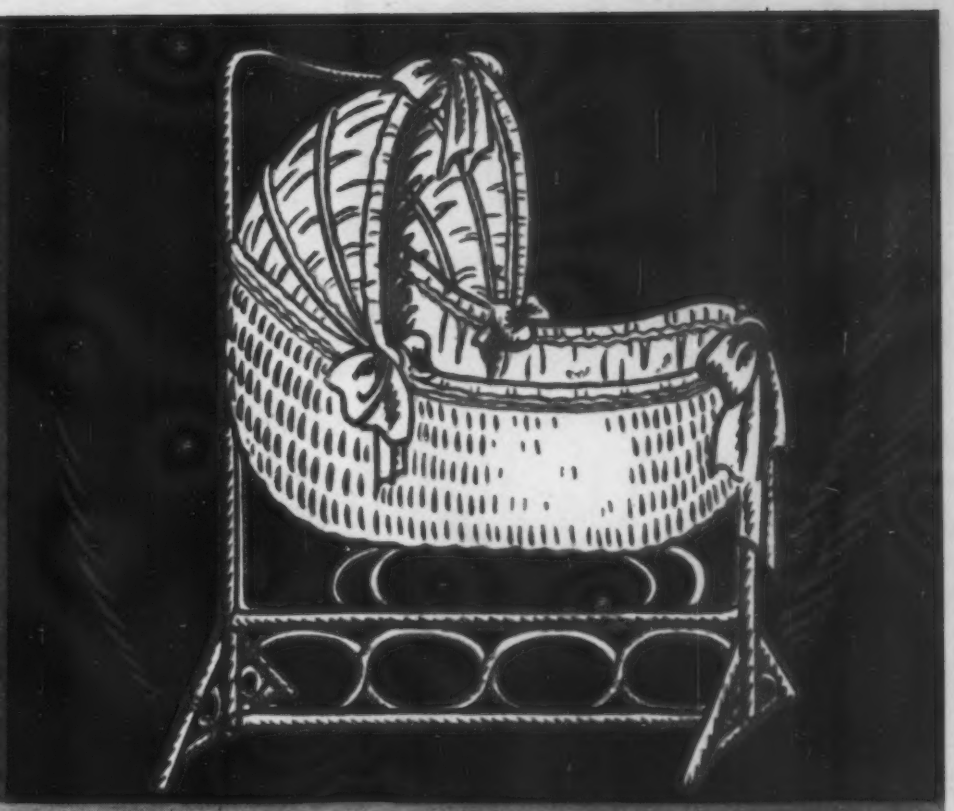
OTHER EVENTS

AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The big annual show opens at Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Sat., Jan. 4, at 2:30 P.M.

SIR PHILIP BEN GREET—And his English Players in the morality play, "Everyman:" Town Hall, 43, E. of B'way, Mon. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8:30.

PUBLIC BALL—Playboy Costume Ball, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, New Year's Eve., Dec. 31, at 10.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The Philip Flayderman collection of Colonial furniture, silver, decorations, glassware, and historical relics: Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Afts., Jan. 2, 3, and 4, at 2:15.



For A Silver Spoon Baby!

Stewart has created miniature nurseries that house all the cunning furniture that belongs in the baby's own little room . . and in the Baby Shop are the exquisitely fine little garments and layettes that reveal their French origin in their dainty handiwork, and in the way they're cut.

At Special Prices During The Month of January And All Included In Our January Sale of Layettes and Furniture

Stewart Baby Shop — Sixth Floor

STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH ST.

CUSTOM SHIRTS

No! The Major's waistline is not expanding, his shirtmakers are merely checking up his measurements for their records, so that his linen may continue to be a fitting foundation upon which his outer apparel may drape with the precision and grace we are accustomed to expect. The Clubmen are correct in their conjecture that this interesting ceremony is being enacted at the Custom Shirt Shop of Saks-Fifth Avenue where, just now, new designs in shirtings recently imported from London and Paris await the distinguished patronage of the Major's friends.

CUSTOM SHIRTS—SIXTH FLOOR

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Our Men's Shop in the Financial District is a Favourite Rendezvous of the Major. Equitable Building—120 Broadway—Suite 3001.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of our friends contends that America is a nation of humorists, which, he says, accounts for the more doleful aspects of our civilization. It is certainly true that the humorists are organized to the point where they can handle any situation that comes along, such as the recent Wall Street interlude. The stocks had hardly started

to go down when Eddie Cantor had a book out, and Mr. J. Anthony had written a long poem covering the situation. Humor has become entirely feasible from a mechanical standpoint—not only is it easy to get books published but it is easy to get Christmas cards printed, with one's personal humor as a message. Thus humor is getting into the home. Once in the home it will have its effect on the children, and the children of today, as everybody knows, are the humorists of tomorrow. It is a melancholy prospect.

WHEN the Bermuda liner sank in the gray misty water off Ambrose Light last week, the passengers were unusually calm and orderly. This probably is one result of the movies—the public has seen so many pictures of sea disasters that it knows just how to act, and is well schooled in the heroic formula. Only one real tragedy occurred—that was the case of Mrs. Nellie Stringer, thirty-two, of No. 461 Forty-sixth Street, Brooklyn, who forgot herself and fainted as she was being lowered safely in a lifeboat. By swooning she sprang into fame; her name appeared in every paper. She has our deepest sympathy. It will be hard for Nellie Stringer ever to forget that she was the one blot on the escutcheon of the Furness-Bermuda Line. Incidents like that warp a person's character.

IT worries us somewhat to have Governor Smith on the loose. He turned up in Washington the other day, all tangled up in a scheme for erecting a dirigible mooring-mast at the top of a new skyscraper—obviously just a publicity gesture, since there are no homeless dirigibles floating around these days. It's too bad to see the Governor being circussed that way: he wouldn't allow himself to be manipulated for publicity purposes if he had anything better to occupy his time. He once ad-

vocated, if we remember, that a defeated candidate for the presidency be made a senator-at-large, for the sake of the man's dignity and the dignity of the country. That is probably a good idea and one that might also apply to ex-presidents. Coolidge is hanging around Northampton these days, writing for the magazines. We won't say he's frittering away his time; and we won't say that Smith has no talents as a mooring-mast erector; but it all seems so silly when you come to read the articles or look for the balloons.

WILLY POGANY has been taking liberties with Mother Goose, which is his privilege, probably, but which we find hard to bear. His illustrations are certainly more beautiful than the ones we knew as a child, but his modernized characters are less wonderful. It disquieted us and gave us an uncomfortable feeling in the stom-

ach to find the pretty maid accosted by a young man in an automobile, "I'm going milking, sir," she said; but it was hardly a bright answer under the circumstances. It further grieved us to discover the old woman who lived in a shoe wearing a modish gown, with silk stockings and French heels. Her home, moreover, was not a shoe at all, but a high-heeled slipper. Most dreadful of all was Old King Cole, in a top hat and full dress, calling for his bowl and looking for all the world like Otto Kahn, who is not a particularly merry old soul.

THE other evening we saw a man in a brown suit buy the chair in which Lincoln sat when he was assassinated. The peculiar irony of the incident was that his bid was relayed to the auctioneer by a uniformed negro—one of the clerks at the American Art Association Galleries. Thus we were

treated to the macabre spectacle of an emancipated black man calmly transmitting a bid of twenty-four hundred dollars made by a man in a brown suit for the blood-stained chair

"Miss De Prado phoned, sir. She thanks you for the yacht, and wishes you another prosperous year."

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in which the Great Liberator happened to be sitting when he met his doom.

Auctions give us a creepy feeling anyway. The tension of sitting still, lest a raised finger be mistaken for a bid, induces a feeling of religious awe somewhat out of key with the unholy desecration that is going on all around. We never cease to be annoyed at the idle rich who buy relics, in most cases to satisfy a desire for power or distinction. Neither do we ever fail to marvel at the plenitude of a country in which the market value of a letter that Lincoln wrote to the *Times* is seventy-eight hundred dollars. It's a great little country. Maybe people who write letters to the editor are not so dumb after all.

Lapse

THE National Broadcasting Company, at its headquarters, has pages who dress like movie-cathedral ushers and are supposed to live up to the very highest ideals of Radio. Two of them, descending in an elevator last Tuesday, fell into argument, and one said, "Yeah, and how would you like to have a smack in de mouth?" With that the elevator operator turned on them severely. "You forget you are in uniform," he admonished.

Model Makers

IN 1925 four gentlemen, still interested in the mechanical toys of their youth, got together to play with miniature railroad locomotives they had made. They founded a society which, to justify their taking so much time off from business and family life, they gave a highly dignified title: The New York Society of Model Engineers. The group has grown to about ninety now and includes men who make other things than railroad engines, and avows a lot of serious purposes, such as "demonstrating the difference between so-called 'commercial models' and actual scale-built models." This fools the gentlemen's wives into thinking the whole thing is pretty important. What it really comes down to, though, is playing with choo-choo trains and such. The society holds meetings once a month in a back room in the Engineers' Club, where they take up the rugs, move the chairs aside, and show off their models. The locomotive builders lay down tracks and demonstrate the prowess of their respective creations. Most of the engines are coal-fired and steam along like big ones, throwing off sparks. These are considered much superior to electric locomotives. One member put in three thousand hours making an electric locomotive and the coal-and-steam men just turned up their noses at it. Conservative members believe in still-life models and stress the importance of making exact replicas in miniature of big engines, or ships, or skyscrapers, or most anything, but the radical element likes models that have works in them and will throw off sparks. The society also holds an annual exhibition. This year's was held in a room in Broadway and, as usual, the engines were most conspicuous. Tracks ran all about the room and the members cheered and shouted over their locomotives and trains.

SOME startlingly interesting models were displayed at the show. One locomotive, built to scale and about the size of a fat dachshund, had everything a big locomotive has and bore a sign saying it had pulled eight people. Vincent Astor, who is a member of the society, had one of the largest and best models, but it didn't make the show, because workmen dropped it in loading it for shipment. Mr. Astor's locomotive is eighteen inches high. He has a track for it on his estate on Long Island and makes it pull things and people. Once he made it tow a Ford. Another time he rode on top of it, in a cramped position, towing cars bearing a load of a thousand pounds. This time he was out for an endurance record. Fuel and water were handed to him in buckets and pitchers as he rode around the tracks. The engine could have gone on indefinitely, apparently, but he had to give up after forty-five minutes because his knees got tired. Other prominent members of the society are H. O.

Havemeyer, Jr., who has a B. & O. mountain-type locomotive and a model of a thirteenth-century man o' war, and Joseph T. Lozier (locomotives, freight cars, ships, etc.). Most model builders are businessmen; there is only one real engineer in the lot.

Minton Cronkhite, another member, is building a miniature railroad system, very elaborate, with cars, engines, switches, signals, stations, and all, which will be used by the Pennsylvania Company as an exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. There is money in making and selling models. A replica of the Berengaria was sold to the Cunard people for twenty-five thousand dollars. The society now includes both professionals and amateurs, although the latter don't believe much in professionalism.

In summer some of the members race model gasoline power boats. F. C. Zimmer holds the record, his model having made thirty miles an hour. The boats are tied by long cords to a stake stuck in the mud of a pond, and they circle around this stake. Making models of skyscrapers is becoming popular. Mr. Berthold Audsley recently did one of the Chrysler Building. Mr. Chrysler, and the architect of the building, were invited in to look at it. The architect became bemused and began to get new ideas about added decorations for the roof. At this point, Mr. Chrysler got down on his hands and knees, put his ear against the floor, and looked up. "No use adding any fancy stuff up there," he said. "You can't see it from the street down here."

Welcome

A PHYSICIAN of Providence, Rhode Island, drove down to New York the other day, placidly, and expecting nothing to happen. Proceeding down Fifth Avenue, he was amazed when a squad of mounted motorcycle policemen noisily put out from the curb as his car drove abreast of them and formed themselves into a flying wedge before it. He was amazed, but it was all right with him as, with a blare of noise, he was whirled through the traffic and past red lights all the way to Thirty-fourth Street, which was where he was going anyhow. His chauffeur pulled into the curb there. The police, who hadn't expected this, doubled and came back. Well, the explanation is that the Governor of Rhode Island was expected in town that day and the escort had been sent out to pick him up. The doctor's license plate bears the number 1, and when they saw his car they unquestioningly assumed he was the distinguished visitor and took him in tow. The Governor, whose number is 200,000, came to town, but quietly.

Vice, Etc.

MR. JOHN SUMNER never asks us to tea and what we learn about the Vice Society we have to pick up from more favored people. One of them gives us some facts about Mr. Sumner's mail. Although the Vice secretary seems to have dropped pretty much out of the public view, he still gets as much mail as ever. Every morning he receives correspondence from all parts of the country calling his attention to this or that obscenity. Most of the letters contain excerpts, a paragraph or two, a couple of pages. Sometimes a whole book comes in, heavily red-pencilled. He has received at one time or another photographs of almost every famous painting or piece of sculpture in the world which depicts a nude. Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" turns up about once a month. Some complainants want Titian jailed. Rodin's "Spring" and the Venus de Milo are pretty good repeaters. Literature from

"I'm so happy. Dear Elbert tells me he's found a suitable position at last. He's on the jury."

which "obscene" paragraphs are most frequently culled includes "Moll Flanders," "Tom Jones," "The Decameron," "Hamlet," the Bible, and the Anglican Book of Common Prayer. It appears that the last two volumes are picked on by irreverent persons with a sardonic sense of humor.

One of Mr. Sumner's friends and admirers is Mr. George Barber, of the Society for the Suppression of Crime. He is a gentleman with wispy gray hair, who wears a greenish-black suit. He calls Mr. Sumner "Johannes," after Bach, to whom Mr. Barber is also devoted. When he is not ferreting out sources of crime and taking steps to wipe them out, he goes to the Library and looks through the old music there. Not so long ago he came upon some very ribald old songs which Christopher Marlowe is said to have written for the delectation of Queen Bess. Mr. Barber was delighted. Unlike Mr. Sumner, he doesn't have to worry about ribaldry—only crime.

Goose Chase

A GRACIOUS person has dropped us a note from Surrey telling about a Pittsburgh lady who journeyed all the way to England in the hope of meeting Bernard Shaw. When the lady got there, she wrote Shaw a letter saying: "Is it enough of an introduction to tell you that I know the man who backed Gene Tunney?"

Shaw waited quite a while before he answered the note. Then he wrote her a post card. "Some sightseers seem to think that I am an old institution, like the Tower of London, but I'm *not*." And signed his name. The lady took the next boat back to America.

When her friends asked why she was leaving England so suddenly, she replied: "To see what happened in Wall Street."

Captains on Shore

WHEN the Leviathan docks, Captain Cunningham goes right home to Glen Ridge, where, if the weather is any good, he goes sailing in a small boat. The skipper of the Mauretania, Captain McNeil, also likes sailing, but seldom has time. He stays at the Mayfair, visits at Briarcliff Manor, and is seen often at musical comedies. (We got these facts from a man who has crossed so many times he knows all the captains and their habits.)

Gardening, according to our man, is the hobby of Captain Rostron, of the Berengaria. He has a home in England, outside Southampton, and tills the soil, alert and serious. In New York, he stays aboard ship, or else visits the du Ponts in Wilmington or the Jesse Strauses in Westchester, still very alert and serious. His staff captain, Bissett, is much more jovial; goes to musical shows and invites the chorus girls to come and look at the ship, which they sometimes do.

When not guiding the Paris, Captain Pugnet (Captain, in fact, Georges-Emile-René Pugnet) puts in quite a good deal of time at home in Arcachon. He is quite a flier—in the war commanded the flying field at Ajaccio, Corsica. Just on the side he has built a piano and a violin, and can play both. He fences, boxes, experiments with color-photography, and does portraits in pastel, a busy fellow. He has gathered cocktail recipes from every port in the world, and shakes masterfully. Further, he once had one of the drollest experiences in the annals of non-commercial aviation: he was forced down in the Adriatic, released a carrier pigeon as his only means of S O S, and the pigeon refused to fly—just sat around. He just sat around too, for twenty-four hours, until he drifted ashore.

Captain Blancart of the Ile de France spends his time ashore thinking up new safety devices for ships. He has already invented several.

White Star and Red Star skippers, it seems, are full of crotchets and hobbies. In the case of Captain W. H. Parker, C.B.E., R.D., R.N.R., F.R.G.S., of the Olympic, it is sundials. He makes sundials at his cottage in Surrey. His retirement this week will undoubtedly leave him more time for such things. On the other hand, Captain Hickson of the Adriatic, who retires in January, likes legerdemain, all kinds of tricks, and canaries. Captain Warner, when he gets a chance, leaves the Homeric for a motorcycle. Nikolas Johnsen, com-

"You're just stubborn, Wilmer! All the critics say it's good."

modore of the North German Lloyd fleet, comes in from sea and heads directly for the Aquarium.

Appreciation

A WEEK or so ago, a Philadelphia correspondent reports, the stage hands at the Academy of Music were pleasantly astonished. The Academy, as you know, is the home of the Philadelphia Orchestra, from which late arrivals at concerts are locked like naughty children. These concert-goers are willing to wait half an hour to hear Stokowski conduct, but his art leaves the stagehands cold. It always has, and when the orchestra begins its daily practice, it has been their habit to duck. On the occasion of which we speak the orchestra had been called to rehearse a series of Sousa marches for a phonograph recording. Stokowski arrived and took off his coat (he likes to rehearse in his shirtsleeves). The stagehands began to drift toward the door. They were almost out of the place when the first bars of "Stars and Stripes Forever" reached their ears. To a man they turned back, tiptoed down the aisles, sat down, and remained silent and deeply interested through the entire rehearsal. At the conclusion, "Boy!" said one. "Why'n't he play that kinda music long ago?"

Caveat Emptor

THE black-narcissus racket seems to have pretty well taken the place of the old fur-piece swindle. No one has tried to sell us a silver fox for a year or more, but we have got to know several perfumery salesmen. One of them accosted us practically every day for weeks before he got to know us. Now we merely nod. The game works this way (Thirty-fourth Street is one of the best places, if you want the experience): A man dressed in flannel shirt, heavy trousers, leather apron, and cap, with a pencil behind his ear and a delivery book under his arm, loiters near a truck which is being unloaded. He solicits the attention of the passer-by with a confidential "Hey, Doc!" or "Psst, Buddy!," and then relates that, what with this and that, he is in possession of several bottles of Narcisse Noir perfume, exceedingly rare and valuable. These you may have for five dollars—four dollars—three—well, what will you pay? A lot of men finally offer something, and this makes business good. The implication is that the vendor is connected with the truck he is loitering near. Ordinarily he isn't. Ordinarily it is a harmless truck pulled up at the curb, which he merely employs as scenery. Some of the black narcissusers actually have trucks, however, or are truckmen with a side line. They get in heavy traffic, and when the red light comes on, leap to the street and solicit the motorists behind. Sometimes they make several sales on one red light. Men are the big buyers, but we know one woman who was taken in—paid a dollar for her bottle, and very nearly swooned when she finally uncorked her prize and smelled the contents, which seemed to be water flavored with something terrible.

A similar but more elaborate racket is worked by the owners of a delivery truck of elegance whose sombre black sides bear only the words: "Paris-London-New York"—no firm name. The gents aboard this truck would like to interest you in a bargain in necklaces. This game, and the other, are, of course, variants of very old ones, but the new Belasco touch, truck, truckmen's costume, setting, etc., makes business good among gullible folk.

We know one gentleman who was accosted so many times by the perfumery salesmen that one day he turned on a man who came out from behind a truck and snarled, "What is this, the perfume racket?" "Naw," said the other, "the fountain pen"—and he brought out a handful of pens.

A NEW YEAR ENTERS

President Hoover Looks Forward While Calvin Coolidge Looks Back

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Last Word

WE told an anecdote recently about Max Steuer, the attorney. This one is about Martin Littleton, an equally eminent barrister. He was one of the after-dinner speakers at a banquet at which two voluble and tireless orators preceded him. Each talked a little over an hour. When it came Littleton's turn, it was quite late. "You have heard the—ah—eloquent speeches of the gentlemen who have gone before me," he said. "There is very little I can say that hasn't been said, but I would like to tell one story. In the South, my father has a hog farm. One day, when I was a boy, he was throwing whole carrots to the animals—by the barrelful. A neighbor happened by and watched this. 'Why, Littleton,' he said, 'you shouldn't feed those hogs whole carrots; if you would cut them up and cook them, they could digest them in half the time.' 'What's time to a hog?' retorted my father." Mr. Littleton rested.

—THE NEW YORKERS

THE FAITHFUL WIFE

UNTIL a week before Christmas George worked in the station restaurant at the lunch counter. The last week was extraordinarily cold, then the sun shone strongly for a few days, though it was always cold again in the evenings. There were three other men working at the counter. For years they must have had a poor reputation. Women, unless they were careless and easy-going, never started a conversation with them when having a light lunch at noontime. The girls at the station always avoided the red-capped porters and the countermen.

George, who was working there till he got enough money to go back home for a week and then start late in the year at college, was a young fellow with fine hair retreating far back on his forehead and rather bad upper teeth, but he was very polite and generous. Steve, the plump Italian, with the waxed black mustaches, who had charge of the restaurant, was very fond of George.

Many people passed the restaurant window on the way to the platform and the trains. The four men, watching them frequently, got to know some of them. Girls, brightly dressed and highly powdered, loitered in front of the open door, smiling at George, who saw them so often he knew their first names. At noontime, other girls, with a few minutes to spare before going back to work, used to walk up and down the tiled tunnel to the waiting-room, loafing the time away, but they never even glanced in at the countermen. It was cold outside, the streets were slippery, and it was warm in the station, that was all. George got to know most of these girls too, and talked about them with the other fellows.

GEORGE watched carefully one girl every day at noon hour. The other men had also noticed her, and two or three times she came in for a cup of coffee, but she was so gentle, and aloofly pleasant, and so unobtrusively beyond them, they were afraid to try and amuse her with easy cheerful talk. George wished earnestly that she had never seen him there in the restaurant behind the counter, even though he knew she had never noticed him at all. Her cheeks were usually rosy from the cold wind outside. When she went out the door to walk up and down for a few minutes, an agreeable expression on her face, she never once looked back at the restaurant. George, following her with his eye while pouring coffee slowly, did not expect her to look back. She was about twenty-eight, pretty, rather shy, and dressed plainly and poorly in a thin blue-cloth coat without any fur on it. Most girls managed to have a piece of fur of some kind on their coats.

With little to do in the middle of the afternoon, George used to think of her because of seeing her every day and looking at her face in profile when she passed the window. Then, on the day she had on the light-fawn felt hat, she smiled politely at him, when having a cup of coffee, and as long as possible, he remained opposite her, cleaning the counter with a damp cloth.

The last night he worked at the station he went out at about half past eight in the evening, for he had an hour to himself, and then worked on till ten o'clock. In the morning he was going home, so he walked out of the station and down the side street to the docks, and was having only pleasant thoughts, passing the warehouses, looking out over the dark cold lake and liking the tang of the wind on his face. Christmas was only a week away. The snow was falling lazily and melting slowly when it hit the sidewalk. He was glad he was through with the job at the restaurant.

AN hour later, back at the restaurant, Steve said, "A dame just phoned you, George, and left her number."

"Do you know who she was?"

"No, you got too many girls, George. Don't you know the number?"

"I never saw it before."

He called the number and did not recognize the voice that answered him. A woman was asking him pleasantly enough if he remembered her. He said he did not. She said she had had a cup of coffee that afternoon at noontime, and added that she had worn a blue coat and a tan-colored felt hat, and even though she had not spoken to him, she thought he would remember her.

"Good Lord," he said.

She wanted to know if he would

"Adolph, dear, do you remember whether it snowed Thursday morning, or was it just drizzly?"

come and see her at half past ten that evening. Timidly he said he would, and hardly heard her giving the address. Steve and the other boys started to kid him brightly, but he was too astonished, wondering how she had found out his name, to bother with them. The boys, saying goodbye to him later, winked and elbowed him in the ribs, urging him to celebrate on his last night in the city. Steve, who was very fond of him, shook his head sadly and pulled the ends of his mustaches down into his lips.

The address the girl had given him was only eight blocks away, so he walked, holding his hands clenched tightly in his pockets, for he was cold from nervousness. He was watching the automobile headlights shining on slippery spots on the sidewalk. The house, opposite a public-school ground on a side street, was a large old rooming house. A light was in a window on the second story over the door. Ringing the bell he didn't really expect anyone to answer, and was surprised when the girl herself opened the door.

"Good evening," he said shyly.

"Oh, come upstairs," she said, smiling and practical.

IN the front room he took off his overcoat and hat and sat down slowly, noticing, out of the corner of his eye, that she was even slimmer, and had nice fair hair and lovely eyes. But she was moving very nervously. He had intended to ask at once how she found out his name, but forgot about it as soon as she sat down opposite him on a camp bed and smiled shyly. She had on a red woollen sweater, fitting her tightly at the waist. Twice he shook his head, unable to get used to having her there opposite him, nervous and expectant. The trouble was she had always seemed so aloof.

"You're not very friendly," she said awkwardly.

"Oh yes I am. Indeed I am."

"Why don't you come over here and sit beside me?"

Slowly he sat down beside her on the camp bed, smiling stupidly. He was even slow to see that she was waiting for him to put his arms around her. Ashamed of himself, he finally kissed her eagerly and she held on to him tightly. Her heart was thumping underneath the red woollen sweater. She just kept on holding him, almost savagely, closing her eyes slowly and breathing deeply every time he kissed her. She was so delighted and satisfied to hold him in her arms that she did not bother talking at all. Finally he became very eager and she got up suddenly, walking up and down the room, looking occasionally at the cheap alarm clock on a bureau. The room was clean but poorly furnished.

"What's the matter?" he said irritably.

"My girl friend, the one I room with, will be home in twenty minutes."

"Come here anyway."

"Please sit down, please do," she said.

Slowly she sat down beside him. When he kissed her she did not object, but her lips were dry, her shoulders were trembling, and she kept on watching the clock. Though she was holding his wrist so tightly her nails dug into the skin, he knew she would be glad when he had to go. He kissed her again and she drew her left hand slowly over her lips.

"You really must be out of here before Irene comes home," she said.

"But I've only kissed and hugged you and you're wonderful." He noticed the red ring mark on her finger. "Are you sure you're not waiting for your husband to come home?" he said a bit irritably.

Frowning, looking away vaguely, she said, "Why do you have to say that?"

"There's a ring mark on your finger."

"I can't help it," she said, and began to cry quietly. "Yes, oh yes, I'm waiting for my husband to come home. He'll be here at Christmas."

"It's too bad. Can't we do something about it?"

"I tell you I love my husband. I do, I really do, and I'm faithful to him too."

"Maybe I'd better go," he said uncomfortably, feeling ridiculous.

"Eh, what's that? My husband, he's at a sanitarium. He got his spine hurt in the war, then he got tuberculosis. He's pretty bad. They've got to carry him around. We want to love each other every time we meet, but we can't."

"That's tough, poor kid, and I suppose you've got to pay for him."

"Yes."

"Do you have many fellows?"

"No. I don't want to have any."

"Do they come here to see you?"

"No. No, I don't know what got into me. I liked you, and felt a little crazy."

"I'll slide along then. What's your first name?"

"Lola. You'd better go now."

"Couldn't I see you again?" he said suddenly.

"No, you're going away tomorrow," she said, smiling confidently.

"So you've got it all figured out. Supposing I don't go?"

"Please, you must."

Her arms were trembling when she held his overcoat. She wanted him to go before Irene came home. "You didn't give me much time," he said flatly.

"No. Irene comes in at this time. You're a lovely boy. Kiss me."

"You had that figured out too."

"Just kiss and hold me once more, George." She held on to him as if she did not expect to be embraced again for a long time, and he said, "I think I'll stay in the city a while longer."

"It's too bad, but you've got to go. We can't see each other again."

In the poorly lighted hall she looked lovely. Her cheeks were flushed, and though still eager, she was quite satisfied with the whole affair. Everything had gone perfectly for her.

AS he went out the door and down the walk to the street he remembered that he hadn't asked how she had found out his name. Snow was falling lightly and there were hardly any footprints on the sidewalk. All he could think of was that he ought to go back to the restaurant and ask Steve for his job again. Steve was fond of him. But he knew he could not spoil it for her. "She had it all figured out," he muttered, turning up his coat collar.

—MORLEY CALLAGHAN

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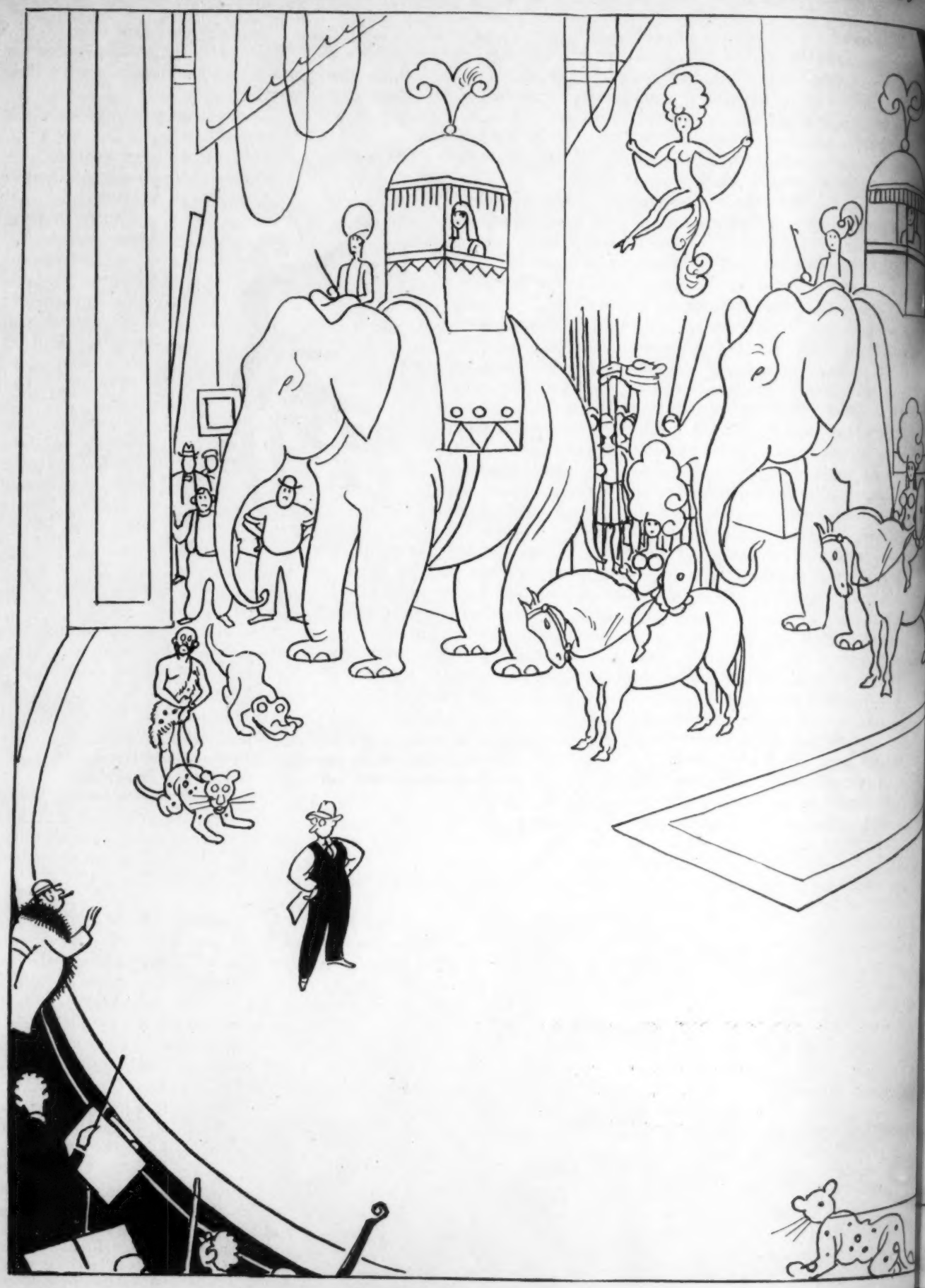
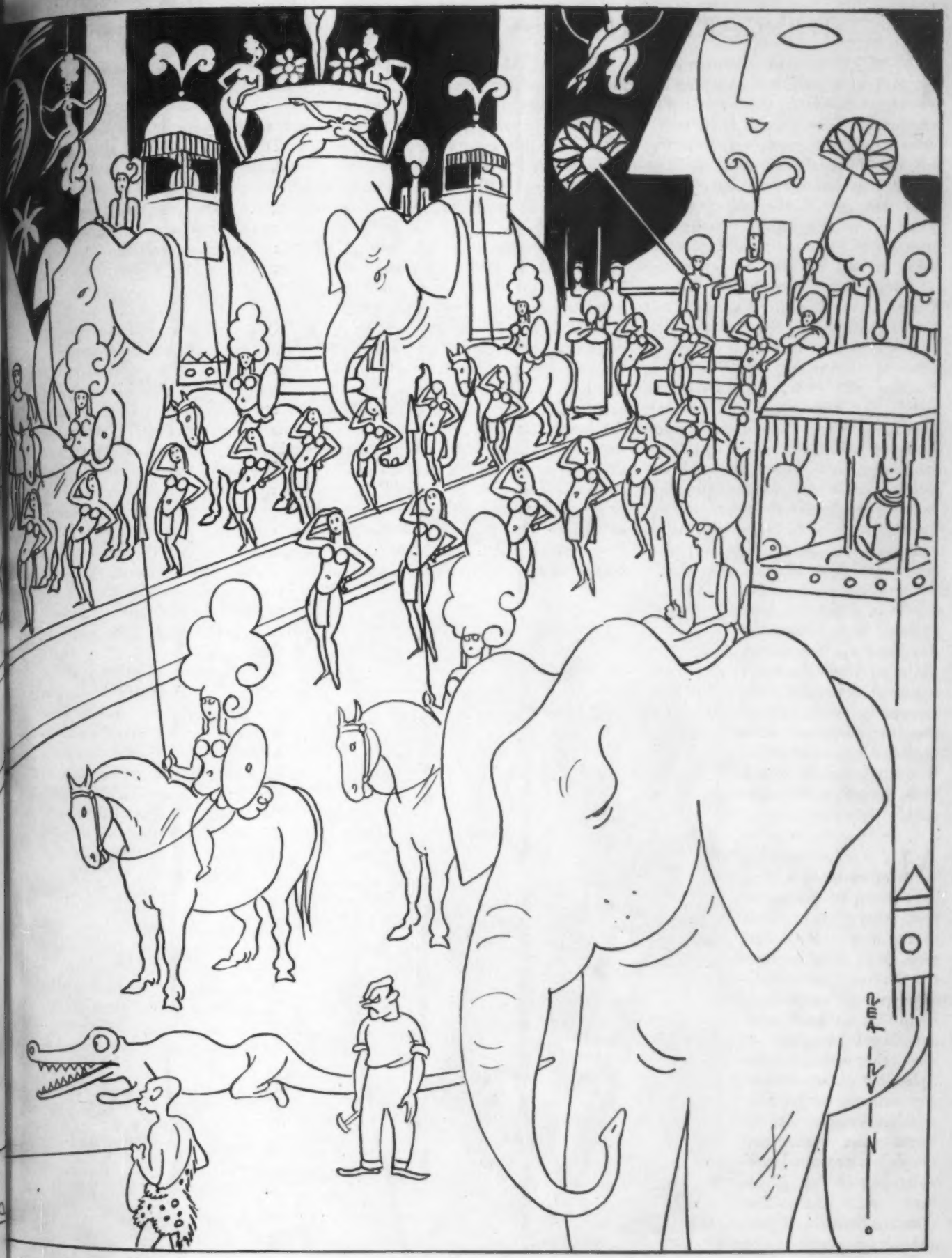
FOUND—Young dog with marked physical peculiarities, on Broadway near Grand St., Wednesday evening about 8 p.m. Owner may have same by identifying. Apply by letter Box 613, Newburgh, N. Y.—*Adv. in the Newburgh (N.Y.) News.*

Can you throw out a hint?



"Cut out this number, Joe; it slows up the show."


REA IRVIN

THE CARTOON SITUATION

IN 1929, American newspapers and magazines published something like three hundred thousand topical cartoons. These ranged from rudely drawn studies of small, troubled men, labelled Ultimate Consumer, being kicked in the trousers by large, positive men, labelled Middleman, to rather more pretentious works showing the triumph of the American People over such shifting dragons as Ignorance-and-Superstition, Prohibition, Liquor, Crime, Censorship, Birth Control, and the High Cost of Living.

These cartoons are a form of editorial shorthand, invaluable in reaching that section of our populace which, for one reason and another, appears to be incapable of reading and retaining more than six one-syllable words at a time. As such they are admirable. It would, for example, have been pretty optimistic to expect the average citizen to grasp the subtle economic and political issues underlying the recent war, but, confronted with the picture of a gorilla in a spiked helmet choking a woman with one bloody paw and with the other waving a flaming torch, even the dullest easily understood that the Germans were an unpleasant people who ought (in the idiom) to be bopped, and that at once.

MY only criticism of cartoons is that, as a form of simplification, they go so little of the way. Each cartoon, it is true, presents the same situation—some person or principle is to be abandoned or demolished in favor of some other person or principle—but the characters and the action vary widely. Sometimes the hero (the American People) is presented conventionally as Uncle Sam, while the villain (for convenience, Ignorance-and-Superstition) is shown as an unwholesome child being led to a symbolic woodshed. Sometimes the artist adopts a classic St. George-and-the-Dragon motif. Sometimes the whole thing is done zoölogically with eagles and snakes. The range, in fact, is infinite. All this, even with the help of labels or lettered balloons, is confusing and irritating to the public, which is fond of fixed symbols and hostile to innovations.

Thus we come to the accompanying cartoon which, under the caption of "Dropping the Pilot," appeared many years ago in an English magazine called *Punch*. The elderly gentleman descending the gangplank is Bismarck. Looking down at him from the rail is the Kaiser. The ship is the Ship of State. The dory barely indicated in the lower left-hand corner I think is intended to represent Oblivion, although I'm not so sure of that. The reason I know all this is because "Dropping the Pilot" has been appearing in newspapers and magazines as long as I can remember, sometimes in its original form, sometimes redrawn and ingeniously labelled to aid in local political goings-on.

Cartoon from *Punch*

It is this last circumstance which suggests to me that it might readily be made to serve as a sort of Master Cartoon, an abridged editorial commentary on all crises, all campaigns, all crusades. Thus, in the future, we should have only *one* cartoon with a multiplicity of labels, a device which would save, not only considerable wear and tear on the public comprehension but also the enormous sum now being paid out in artists' salaries.

SINCE, as I have said, the essential situation in all cartoons is the same, I can see no possible objection to this suggestion. The ship in every case can represent the American People; Bismarck, whatever person or principle it is believed desirable to eliminate; and the Kaiser, the individual or organization responsible for its downfall. In treating the Eighteenth Amendment, for example, we might label the ship, the American People; the Kaiser, Public Opinion; and Bismarck either Liquor or Prohibition, depending on our personal convictions. It would be as simple as that.

The perfect adaptability of this cartoon is particularly evident at the present time. What more whimsical commentary on post-holiday economic depression could be made than a reproduction of this drawing, captioned "Dropping the Wallet," and with the Kaiser, the ship, and Bismarck, labelled respectively Dad, Christmas, and the Old Bankroll?

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

TRIBUTE

To the only one who cares,
How I bend, or if I break,
What hair-shirt my folly wears,
Which dark drink my thirst shall slake;

How I come—or if I stay—
Ineffectual, in the dust;
Through what hells my soul may stray,
On a course where stray it must;

To the only one—this verse—
If I live, or if I die,
Who would give an honest curse. . . .
That's myself—and more fool, I!

—FANNY HEASLIP LEA

"Remick, don't keep saying 'my God,' before guests."

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR PROSPERITY?

NOW that the business leaders of the country have announced what they are going to do to assure continued prosperity for the coming year, the time seems to be ripe to make public my own program of expenditures for 1930. I may not be a corporation head or a rail chief, but I feel a certain responsibility for the condition of the country and I have resolved to play my part in restoring public confidence.

1. *I am buying common stocks.* I meant to make this announcement in November when Mr. Rockefeller did, and even thought of wording my statement the same way for the cumulative effect; my idea was that if a lot of us each said, "My son and I are buying common stocks," there would be no standing up against us. But at that time there were practical difficulties. In the first place I had no money, and in the second place Oliver not only couldn't be made to understand what stocks were but expressed a preference for an electric train. Since then, however, things have been looking up a bit. The dining-room curtains didn't cost quite as much as we expected, and I therefore now plan to buy common stocks (say five shares or so of something low-priced) if my next bank statement discloses that my theory about my balance is correct. That ought to show better than mere words how I feel about the soundness of conditions in our great country.

2. *There will be absolutely no let-down in my use of railroad facilities during 1930.* I shall continue to buy each month my regular commutation ticket to Scarsdale. Any report that I expect to walk the twenty miles to the office is the work of irresponsible and conscienceless panic-mongers.

3. *I solemnly undertake to eat as heavily as ever this winter.* During the late summer and early autumn there were, it is true, certain signs of a slight recession in this respect, but they were due to merely transitory conditions and failed to justify any lack of confidence in the future. I came back from abroad with the idea that if a Continental breakfast was enough for me on the Continent it ought to do in New York. For several days I ate just coffee and rolls, and very cosmopolitan I felt, too. But it was no go; I hardly got settled down to work at the office before I began wondering about lunch. So I added shredded wheat, and then orange juice; and from that time on, my consumption of foodstuffs at breakfast has been steadily on the up-grade. I have recently gone on a one-hundred-per-cent-breakfast basis: orange juice, two helps of cereal, poached eggs on toast, and coffee. This substantial aid to agriculture and the food manufacturers I shall continue to give, panic or no panic; and I am sure thousands of others may be counted on to do as much for their country.

4. The rail chiefs and utility heads, in their reports to the President, spoke of outlays for construction and maintenance. Under this head would come also my tentative plans for reupholstering the living-room couch. There is an interesting dilemma here. I decided months ago that the job ought to be done. The couch looked terribly soiled and spotty in the daytime, there was no doubt about it. But at night it didn't look so bad, what with subdued light and one thing and another. And something had to be done at once about the dining-room curtains. So my wife and I went into conference and decided that the curtains came first. The couch, so to speak, was laid on the table. But now the President calls upon the country for construction and maintenance. What shall we do? I have just looked again at the couch and it certainly needs maintenance. Yet even the President doesn't expect an orgy of spending; he says expenditures should be prudent. So perhaps I had better put my statement this way: "Considering the state of affairs generally throughout the country, we shall think from time to time about the couch during 1930 and either reupholster it or else move it to a darker part of the room."

6. *Finally, I propose a truce between capital and labor during 1930.* I shall not undertake to reduce wages. If Alexander, the furnace man, thinks that paying him only fifteen dollars a month instead of twenty for looking after the furnace is reducing wages, he can go chase himself. Do you know what that fellow does? Half the time he leaves the drafts on and tells the cook to turn them off in half an hour and goes away, and she of course forgets all about the drafts and the house gets roaring-hot and there is a pretty kettle of fish. The other day I got practically scalded in the shower, all because Alexander had left the hot-water stove turned on and the cook had had another lapse of memory. I ask you, is that a twenty-dollar job? Twenty dollars is supposed to cover turning on the drafts *and* turning them off again. Beginning next week, or

whenever I get up courage to speak to Alexander, he goes on a fifteen-dollar wage or he leaves. I don't propose to pay for good hot water and get steam. But aside from the Alexander question, no reduction of wages will be initiated in my house, and I hope to God no increases will be asked for. If Katie wants more pay after we've sweated blood training her to pass the vegetables without breathing in our ears, I shall tell her to go right to Mr. Hoover and find out what he thinks of people who break industrial truces.

FROM this brief statement you will see that I am alive to my duty in this critical time. If things go to pieces it won't be my fault. And now that I have shown the way, what are *you* going to do for prosperity?

—FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

•

OF ALL THINGS

THE President advises the dry forces that this is not the logical moment to push the Sheppard bill making it illegal to buy liquor. In times like this buyers are more to be petted than censured.

•

It seems best, also, not to try to get the World Court ratified while the Senate is in the vindictive mood.

•

They are getting pretty fussy about eligibility rules down in Alabama. A college professor lost his job because he was not fundamentally sound on Noah, and now Heflin is put out of the game for playing on the other team.

•

Forty thousand dollars sounds like a good deal of money to give one mayor, but it might so easily have been worse. Suppose the city had to pay Jimmy's travelling expenses!

•

The other day the police gathered in a gentleman who was carrying three large revolvers and a sheath knife. He was probably on his way to a magistrate's testimonial dinner.

•

Mr. Whalen feels that judges and detectives should not associate with crooks while on pleasure bent. Of course, the answer to that is that banquets do not come under the head of pleasure.

•

Our high-spirited police department will always have its little jest. The other day some structural-steel workers were arrested for shooting dice in Wall Street.

•

George M. Cohan has finally succumbed and signed a contract to go into the talkies. Our guess is that he waited until he was sure he could be reproduced in his three favorite colors.

•

We hope that our elder statesmen will make a New Year's resolution not to investigate lobbyists any more. We were pretty lucky not to have Shearer land a seat in the Senate.

•

Our national income has reached the glorious total of eighty-nine billion dollars a year. We have to work pretty hard to take that much money away from one another.

•

Well, let's call it a decade.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Don't go yet. Serge and Zita are coming in a little while, and Serge will certainly bring some sandwiches if Zita's got her cheque cashed."

PROFILES

THE WIZARD—I

EDISON has not yet been debunked. It ought to be his turn next. The debunker should do his work by the Edison electric light. He could either use the typewriter, on which Edison put some of the finishing touches, or dictate to the phonograph, which is wholly an Edison invention. The news could be flashed over the country on the Edison quadruplex or sextuplex telegraph, and shot abroad by the Edison automatic cable. The old man could be exposed in the movies, which he invented, and in the talkies, which were first synchronized in his laboratory. The debunker could tell his tale to the mike, which is the lineal descendant of the Edison carbon transmitter, and broadcast it by the radio tube, which is based on the electric valve or "Edison effect." The telephone, which was first brought to a commercial state by Edison, might also be useful somewhere in the process of pricking the Edison bubble.

Edison was named Thomas because his elder brother had already been named William, and it was practically a law of nature that the first two boys in a middle-western family should be Tom and Bill. The middle name was borrowed from Captain Alva Bradley, a Great Lakes skipper. The first Edison in America was a Hollander who settled in New Jersey in 1730. Edison's grandfather and his great-grandfather each lived to be one hundred and two, circumstances which encouraged the inventor to laugh at a slight attack of double pneumonia last summer and to defy his physicians by smoking black cigars in the early stages of convalescence.

The family lived on the Canadian side of Lake Erie until Samuel Edison, after taking part in Papineau's rebellion, fled to the States, settling in Milan, Ohio, where his son Thomas Alva was born on February 11, 1847.

ACCORDING to Dyer and Martin's biography, Thomas as an infant had such a large and well-shaped head that the family physician thought he had brain trouble. This fear was not dissipated by the boy's first experiment, which was in the department of biology; he drove a goose off her nest and tried to hatch the eggs by sitting on them himself. His second experiment was in the field of aëronautics, and it added nothing to his reputation for level-headedness. This experiment was an attempt to make a human dirigible of a boy named Michael Oates by giving him an enormous overdose of Seidlitz powders and urging him to flap his arms.

At school Thomas was peculiar. He was always last in the class. Today the school psychiatrist would test his knee jerks, measure the dilation of his pupils, and inquire how many crackpots there had been in the family. As it was, a school inspector roughly classified him as "addled." Thus began Edison's lifelong quarrel with the educational theories of America. His mother, who had been a teacher, took the boy out of school before he had been there a year and taught him at home. Before he was twelve years old, he had devoured such concentrated intellectual food as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hume's "History of England," Sear's "History of the World," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the "Dictionary of Sciences." At thirteen he was earning his own living; at sixteen he was an itinerant telegraph operator. This abnormal early life, prematurely filling his head with heavy reading, and more or less isolating him from companionship with youth of his own age, had a hothouse effect on Edison's genius, but it also had the effect of putting him outside the herd. It is probably responsible for his disrespect for conventions, his lifelong aversion to the dress suit, his avoidance of social life, his terror at the thought of making a speech, his whim of wearing two or three suits of underwear instead of an overcoat, and such eccentricities of taste as that which led him to sink a fortune in the effort to interest his countrymen in household furniture of poured concrete. He never did understand how anybody could resist that Edison concrete music cabinet with the rosewood finish.

EDISON said in an interview last summer that the foundation of his scientific career was laid when, at the age of eight, he found out what made a locomotive go. A little later, after trying an experiment described in Parker's "School Philosophy," he became fascinated with chemistry. He raised and sold garden truck and did odd jobs to keep himself in experiments. His laboratory, stocked with two hundred chemicals, grew so costly that he had to find regular work to support it, so he became a candy-butcher on the Port Huron-Detroit line. For a time the boy used a disingenuous scoop which pretended to deliver a pint of peanuts, but, because of well-placed dents, actually only yielded a gill; a mauling from a customer caused him to hammer out the dents and put integrity into the peanut scoop. Tom moved a small printing press into the mail car, where he set up and printed the *Weekly Herald*, three cents a copy. Two copies are extant. The leading article of the issue of February 3, 1862, Edison then being not quite fifteen years old, was as follows:

Thomas Alva Edison

LOCAL INTELEGENCE

Premiums—We believe, that the Grand Trunk Railway, give premiums, every six months to their Engineers who use least Wood and Coal, running the usual journey. Now we have rode with Mr. E. L. Northrop, one of their engineers nad we do not believe you could fall in with another Engineer, more careful, or attentive to his Engine, being the most steady driver that we have ever rode behind (and we consider ourselves some judge, having been Railway riding for over two years constantly) always kind, and obliging, and ever at his post. His Engine we understand does not cost one-fourth for repairs why the other engines do. We would respectfully recommend him to the kindest consideration of the G.R.T. officers.

Edison also set up a chemical laboratory in the mail car. The racks for

the test tubes were built by Edison's friend, George Pullman, who was then at work on his first model of the Pullman car. Sixty years later Edison said that, looking over his career, nothing in it surprised him so much as the coolness with which he quartered himself in post-office property, without even mentioning rent or having it mentioned to him. One day a jerk of the train shook a tube of phosphorus from its rack, starting a fire. The conductor boxed Edison's ears and then threw him, his printing press, and his laboratory off the train. Early biographies dated Edison's hardness of hearing to this incident, but the inventor says that a friendly railroad man inflicted the injury earlier by assisting him by the ears into a moving baggage car. His deafness has gradually increased all through his life, but is not total; members of his family and others who know exactly how to pitch their voices can still make themselves intelligible by shouting in his ear. Edison has never complained of this affliction. On the contrary, he recommends it. He credits his achievements partly to deafness, saying that it has aided him in concentrating and has protected his nerves. It has served as a bulwark against thousands of funny stories. When he sees people laughing around him, Edison sometimes looks up with a smile, which is a signal for somebody to shout the jest into his ear; but he seldom gives this signal. He predicted recently that evolution would destroy the hearing of city dwellers in an effort to save their reason.

EDISON, who was fifteen when he was hurled from the train, took up journalism for a career, but abandoned it when a man threw him into the St. Clair River because of an objectionable item. The boy then took up telegraphy. He had snatched a child from under an approaching engine. The child's father, J. U. Mackenzie, station agent at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, gratefully taught Edison the Morse code. Seventeen years later Mackenzie visited Edison at the Menlo Park laboratory and had the honor of furnishing strands of a flaming red beard to be tested as filaments for electric lights. Edison was then combing the world for fibres of every type to be tested for their light-giving properties.

Edison became station agent at Port Huron. It was his practice to study and experiment all night and sleep most of the day. After being caught napping repeatedly, Edison was ordered to signal the letter "A" once every hour to another station to prove that he was awake. This led to Edison's first serious invention. He devised a machine which would tap out "A." Then he adjusted an alarm clock so that it would set the machine in motion every hour. This enabled him to sleep for hours while the apparatus testified that he was awake. Caught asleep at a time when his machine was lying for him, Edison was fired. He crossed from Port Huron to the town of Sarnia on the Canadian side, became station agent there, and

"Please, Mr. Schmaltz, Mother wants a bottle of gin to kill the cat."

was fired again when a wreck nearly resulted from his failure to carry out an order to flag a train.

This was an inauspicious start for the boy who became, as millions regard him, America's greatest man. By all the canons of bare-feet-to-silk-hat literature, Edison should be the national hero. He outrose and outsucceeded them all. But as a boy his sense of responsibility did not develop proportionately with his brain, curiosity, and ambition. In fact, the lessons of Edison's early history, arranged in wall-motto form for the inspiration of the young, must read about as follows:

"Quit school as soon as possible. Stay at the foot of the class while you're there."

"Sleep on your employer's time so that you can stay up all night to study."

"Start fires on your employer's property through carelessness."

"Chew plenty of plug tobacco."

"Pay no attention to your clothes and appearance."

"Don't specialize. Read miscellaneous junk. Scatter and smatter."

"Get fired frequently."

"Be a rolling stone."

After being fired on both sides of the border, Edison's international standing was low. A cold snap gave him an opportunity to redeem himself. An ice-jam cut the telegraph cable between Port Huron and Sarnia. There was urgent need for communication between the two places. Edison began sending messages in Morse code with a locomotive whistle; an operator on the Sarnia side was soon replying with long and short toots, and the two towns conversed at will. Edison was always pleased with the way he solved this problem; he made it a part of the intelligence test which he administered last summer to the forty-eight boys who took part in the competition for the Edison scholarship.

FOR the next five years Edison was a migratory telegrapher, drifting from Canada to New Orleans, working at Fort Wayne, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, and many other places. It is recorded that he was fired at Memphis for dancing a *cancan*. He became an expert operator and a marvellous repair man. His experiments were chiefly confined to telegraphy, but he devoured reading-matter indiscriminately and with an almost pathological voracity. In Cincinnati a policeman shot at him twice and then arrested him as a burglar because of the alarming bulk of a bundle which he was carrying after midnight. At the police station it was found that the bundle contained twenty volumes of the *North American Review* which he had picked up at an auction sale. Edison was then eighteen. During his stay at Louisville, he regularly visited a newspaper office, borrowed armfuls of out-of-town newspapers, and spent several hours a day reading them.

"I'm so glad you like it, darling."

• •

The Cincinnati office was troubled with rats. Edison connected metal plates with strong batteries and arranged them so that a rat, touching two plates at once, was electrocuted. This offhand idea of Edison's had a remarkable evolution. Four years later he rigged up a more delicate contrivance for electrocuting cockroaches at The Cake Man's, where he ate his midnight meal in Boston. Twenty years later the same basic conception was worked up into the electric chair at Edison's laboratory. Personally, Edison did not fancy the electric chair; he called it a debasement of electricity; but he cheerfully gave the benefit of his experience to the engineers engaged on the problem. And he strongly maintained the superiority of "juice" over hemp, when he was called in 1890 as an expert witness, in a habeas-corpus proceeding in the case of William Kemmler, the electric chair's first victim.

After the close of the Civil War Edison worked with George Ellsworth, who had served as a Confederate spy, tapping Federal wires and sending false messages. Ellsworth got Edison interested in inventing some method of telegraphy which would be proof against wire-tappers. Ellsworth was soon killed in a gunfight, but his suggestion started Edison on the experiments which later resulted in some of his important telegraph patents.

IN 1867 Edison decided to go to Brazil, in answer to an advertisement of the Brazilian Government for operators. But the trip was delayed be-

cause the ship was commandeered for troops to quell a riot in New Orleans, and Edison changed his destination to Boston.

Edison had roved the West in a hickory shirt, butternut pants, and top-boots, but he paid Boston the compliment of buying a thirty-dollar suit which he immediately ruined with chemicals. His first experiment in Boston was in making some homemade guncotton. He began to lose faith in himself as an inventor when it refused to explode for him. One day, however, it went off of its own accord, demolishing his room and restoring his confidence.

On October 11, 1868, he took out his first patent, a device for enabling a Representative to cast his vote by pressing an "Aye" or "No" button on his desk. Edison took his invention to Washington, but was told that it was impracticable, because it would interfere with long-established roll-call practices.

Telegraphy had become a fashionable branch of learning; the ability to explain how dots and dashes scampered along the wire was an essential part of an up-to-date education. Edison and an operator named Adams were borrowed from the Western Union in Boston to give a classroom lecture on the subject. They were led to believe they would have an audience of boys; they found themselves in a young ladies' finishing school facing an auditorium full of elegant young persons. Adams fainted on an ottoman. Edison went through with it, but suffered a lasting shock to his nervous system. For more than fifty years he retained a dread of public speaking. "I can talk to two or three persons," he said, "but when there are more, they radiate some unknown form of influence which paralyzes my vocal cords."

—Alva Johnston

(*This is the first of three articles on Mr. Edison.*)

HUMANITARIAN

Begone! I would not hear you more!
Lay down your fearful fiddle!
I knew, alas, and set much store
By the cat that gave her middle
For this, your taradiddle!

Take back your gift! Those horrid gloves
Have sent the goat to Heaven
That was my childhood's love of loves
From the time that I was seven
Until I was eleven.

Take yourself off! Though you're the girl
With whom my youth did royster,
Upon your throat I note a pearl!
You—you, would see an oyster
Ripped from his salty cloister!

Out of my sight! And with you take
Mousetrap and insect powder,
The murdered shad, the piteous steak,
Wronged sponge, and bestial chowder!
Begone, I could not say it louder.

—Richard Peckham

A DAINTY NECCESSITY IN MI-LADY'S LINGERIE
The CORSET COVER
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR WITH A TOSS OF HEAD

THE THEATRE

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOSINGS

THOSE old bibliophiles who save their back copies of THE NEW YORKER may get an ill-natured laugh at this department's expense by turning to page 34 of last week's issue, wherein a prophecy was tossed off. I was complaining of the recent unpleasant habit among managers of closing their shows almost immediately after the final curtain on the opening night, thereby making a monkey out of a page like this which has to go through certain mechanical formalities before it can be printed.

"There is little danger," I said, nodding sagely, "of 'Family Affairs' closing before this page reaches your eager hands, because it has Miss Billie Burke in it and she is good for at least a six weeks' buy at any agency, sight unseen." So the next night after that was written, "Family Affairs," *with* Miss Billie Burke, closed.

Oh well, the hell with it! Go ahead and close your old shows and see if *I* care! I'll do my duty. I'll get all dressed up and go to the openings. I'll make little notes on my program which I can't read when I get seated at my typewriter, and I'll write out the notices and send them to the printer, just as if there were a real play under consideration. And *then* I shall stop worrying my pretty little head about it. If it closes, all right. If it runs, all right. I don't want to hear about it again, please. And I hope that you, my dear readers, will derive enough inspiration and joy out of merely reading what I have written, regardless of the continued existence of the play, to pay you for coming out in all this rain. Let's just be friends from now on, and not clients and dramatic critic at all. That will be more fun, anyway.

NOT in any sense as a prophecy, mind you, but I think it will be fairly safe for you to ask your agent for seats to "Michael and Mary" without having him laugh in your face and tell you that it has been closed for two weeks. I base this not on any particular virtues which the play may have (although it has many) but on the past history of Mr. Charles Hopkins, the producer. Mr. Hopkins, who is very slow about producing a play once he has announced it, is equally slow about closing it. No matter how unfavorable the comment may be which greets one of his new productions, he seems to have some mysterious source of spiritual comfort which leads him into green pastures and long runs. Especially tenacious is he where the plays of A. A. Milne are concerned, many of which he has taken and raised from puny little winnie-the-poohs into great strapping Mummsies and Daddykins. "Michael and Mary" is Mr. Milne's latest, and is far from being a puny winnie-the-pooh.

It is true, the young man in "Michael and Mary" calls his mother "Bubbles" and his father "Binks." But don't let that discourage you. It is practically the only reversion to tripe that occurs throughout the whole play. It is, for the rest, one of Mr. Milne's most mature efforts and one of the few that grown-ups can understand.

"Michael and Mary" is not quite so good as "The Perfect Alibi" as a murder play, partly because it *isn't* really a murder play and partly because it keeps starting and stopping too often. But it has several very nice scenes and one or two very tense ones, and, if the ending is a little confusing, it is at least not a conventional happy one. Henry Hull, whose breathing is practically normal again, has never been better, which is to say that there are few young men who could be anywhere near as good. And Miss Edith Barrett, hitherto swaddled in the rich silks and medieval trappings of Walter Hampden's fancy-dress parties, emerges as an appealing and sensitive little actress quite ready to step into the part in "The Wild Duck" left vacant by Helen Chandler and Linda Watkins.

The chief trouble with "Michael and Mary" is that it is one of those plays which could be stopped short at any one of three points in its plot by the exercise of a little common sense on the part of its characters. There seems to have been no good reason why the young lady should have been forced to commit bigamy when she had been deserted by her first husband and had his written word to that effect. Divorce, as I understand it, is still possible in England and for less heinous offences than desertion. Again, when the second husband had accidentally caused the first husband's heart to go back on him and leave him a cadaver on the hearth-rug, there was hardly any necessity for such elaborate perjury as was cooked up, when any authorities, even British ones, would have believed the truth and, in all probability, would have dropped the matter right there without bothering to look up the divorce records. And finally, any anxiety at the final curtain could have been eliminated by simply telling such a nice old friend of the family as Harry Beresford just how things stood and trusting to his discretion in the matter.

These are little points which keep an undercurrent of exasperation running in your mind as you see the good people in "Michael and Mary" getting themselves needlessly upset, but to change them would involve eliminating the play entirely, and "Michael and Mary" is too pleasant a play to be eliminated in a season like this.

(Note: If "Michael and Mary" has closed by the time you read this, substitute the name of some other play which has just opened the night before. If it is a musical comedy, insert the line: "The music, while reminiscent, will probably be heard in metropolitan night clubs for many a moon.")

(Note B: If all the metropolitan night clubs have closed, just substitute: "—will be heard for many a moon.")

SEVERAL years ago the Theatre Guild gave a group of its children

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"

Portrait of a lady trying to get herself insulted. Miss Helen Broderick sees nothing particularly out-of-the-way in the post cards shown her by William Gaxton—in fact, she has just sent some like them to her small nephew.

• •

permission to put on a show in the barn, more to keep them out of mischief than anything else. There was little Richard Rodgers and littler Lorenz Hart, and Lew Field's boy Herbert, and together they rigged up a sort of musical revue with parts in it for Baby Betty Starbuck, the Shalers' daughter Eleanor, and a lot of other neighbors' children. The name of the show was "The Garrick Gaieties," or something like that, and much to everyone's surprise it made a barrel of money for the Theatre Guild. But, as the Guild thought it best to pay the kiddies in pins, they soon ran away from home and are now being paid in real United States money by some nasty old commercial managers.

And now another group of young people, called the "Theatre Guild Studio," have got permission from the Old Folks at Fifty-second Street to dress up and give a show in the Martin Beck Theatre. It is called "Red Rust," and, while it will never make the money for the Guild that the "Garrick Gaieties" did, it may do a lot to bolster up the rather wabbly prestige of the parent organization this season. ("Meteor" has not been produced in New York as this is written, but it will have to be a wow to make up for "The Game of Karl and Anna.")

For, although "Red Rust" is a gangling, talky, unkempt play, like the Russia which it depicts, it has the eager reach toward Something Different which used to mark the productions of the Theatre Guild itself before it began putting on weight. To the seeker after entertainment it can hardly be recommended, any more than one could recommend a meeting of Young Communists to the student of logic or dialectics, but somewhere in its noisy chaos there is a thin note of adolescent sincerity which will not be denied a hearing. The occasional bursts of old-fashioned melodrama only serve to confuse the wandering course of "Red Rust," but they may make the play a little more bearable for those bewildered transients who find themselves in the audience unawares.

As I said before, Mr. Herbert Biberman and his novitiates may not lay as many golden eggs for the Theatre Guild as its other goslings did, but the Guild would do well to hang on to them. It may need them very soon.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

ESCAPE

Walking fast . . . and the sun not gone from the hill . . .
The oak-leaves rusty with cold but holding on,
A green sky-pool and a pink cloud standing still
Like a flamingo . . . and the light not yet gone . . .

What was there after all to be hurrying for?
To see the dark come rushing out of the ground?
It would be thick as wool in a moment more,
And nobody on the roads for miles around.

She went so far she had to feel her way
Back through the trees and grope for the pasture-bars,
Too tired to bring home her thoughts.
She let them stay
Up on the hill in the dark with the stones and stars.

—GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

You Can't Change a Climate

ISN'T leisure lovely? Survey the smart costumes for the resorts that have made Winter

HARPER'S BAZAAR for January is a tonic. The glamour of the first clothes of summer is

THERE are stories—bright, vivid, varied. There are pages of smart new motors to take their place in the 1930 parade. There is all

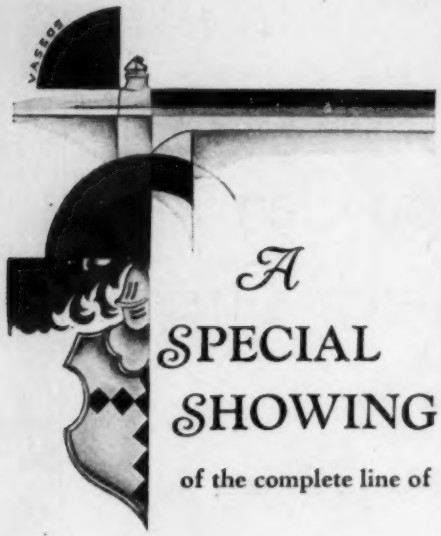
But You Can Catch a Train!

popular, and you'll feel your sun-tan tingling in anticipation!

that of débutantes, venturing on their long successful season.

that a smart woman could wish in a magazine to reflect her own colourful background. And to inspire her spending!

Harper's Bazaar



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THE ART GALLERIES

Gaiety and Beauty—Trial by Jury —Sculpture Without the Ballyhoo

THE week that the art dealers usually dedicate to despair saw two or three shows of the highest rank being unfolded.

We found most delight in the mixed exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries, called "Paintings of Flowers and Still Life," for want of a better name. Two or three horses did not seem to drag the gallery away from its chosen title.

The horses were by Chirico, whose talent dwells in the clouds some good miles above our pedestrian understanding. However, even that does not always baffle us; we find ourselves very often enjoying a great emotional surge in front of a Chirico; and we are sure he has had no intent to paint down to any of the lesser folk who walk about remote from the magic isle of the blue Aegean sea whereon he found his early inspiration. Flanking Chirico are a marvellous still-life by Braque, of a late period, and a basket of pears by Dufy. The three make a wall that has as much vibration as any seeker after the modern may ever crave. Alongside of these is a still-life by Matisse, and not too far away the "Citron et Cafetière, Cagnes" of Renoir hangs.

The show is a stimulating experience. Not following any great tradition or motif, it runs around the walls making gaiety and beauty by several devices. There is, for instance, one of the grandest things Segonzac ever did, the "Flowers and Hat." And nearby is one of the pathetic little studies by Henri Rousseau. There is a flower piece by Picasso, tying in somehow with the flowers of Redon. There are several Pascins, an excellent Gauguin, and some examples from the lesser men—Vlaminck, Asselin, and Sterne—who are paid the compliment of being in great company. In the smaller room there are several water colors and drawings by the French.

YOU will have the whole month of January in which to see the comprehensive works of Emile-Othon Friesz, at the Brummer Gallery. There are twenty-eight pieces in the exhibit, covering the range of his prolific career.

A great deal of weighty evidence is brought to bear to make out a case for Friesz among the immortals. In judging art, alas, evidence seems to bear no more weight than in any other kind of trial by jury. After all, it seems to rest with the emotions. We never could feel that Friesz was as great as some of his contemporaries. Everything is there — virtuosity, almost a cleverness, a great gusto, and certainly a deep knowledge of what it is all about. There is no doubt that he belongs well up in the second line, and away ahead of some two or three who have got themselves named among the living great. We do not, however, feel the authority and poise of Derain, even when Friesz paints in the same mood. Nor do we feel that he has Van Gogh's courage with color when he essays a Van Gogh rôle. Perhaps Friesz has loved his masters too well, and has spent too much time learning for himself those fundamentals that have been so well tested since Cézanne. In working his way out, empirically, he seems to have starved his own individuality somewhat. However, he is still a giant, and one whom you will enjoy if you go in for the newer manifestations of art.

KISLING, whose show at the Balzac Galleries ends December 28, is another of the white-haired boys for whom we cannot turn somersaults. His effects all look a little too easy to us. It is as if someone had said: "Art being artifice, the painter who does not find the easiest formula and jump at once to the results desired by any artist is a fool. Take the idea Modigliani had when he died, add some color like Matisse, and throw in a dash of Orientalism." Maybe we are wrong, but we never look upon Kisling without feeling that here is a prodigy showing off.

TWENTY-NINE sculptures by Despiau have been occupying the third story of the Fifty-sixth Street

Galleries. Despiau has always been one of our few passions in sculpture. With Maillol, he seems to have something worth carving in stone and casting in bronze. For the most part it defies analysis; it is a sort of beauty that is compelling and silent, and doesn't need catalogue foreword or ballyhoo. Something healing is in it, and something so satisfying that you do not have to worry about its reason for existing.

UNTIL January 11—if you follow the whims of fashion and the vague gropings of those who want to do the right thing for art—you can see the collected work of Hélène Perdriat at the new Chambrun Galleries, 556 Madison Avenue. Perdriat is credited with swinging the tired world away from "very modernistic artists, Picasso and the rest" to "an essentially feminine development of the modern point of view." If you don't know what it is all about, the catalogue explains it for you in terms as clear as the talent of the versatile Hélène.

THE third exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery, chosen by Eugene Speicher, is on at the Art Center. Most of the names that have appeared in previous Opportunity shows are in evidence. Now and then, even some of the canvases are familiar. Nevertheless it is about the best-balanced show this venture has had this season.

First honors might go to Joseph De Martini for his "The River," or even to Gregorio Prestopino for his "Woodstock Church." There is a trace of Hopper in the latter, but also a good deal of the newer vision. Certainly there is a good deal of intensity in the canvas, and some of that integrity that tips the scale over in the painter's favor. We liked also, in lesser degree, Nathaniel Dirk for his "Street in Chantilly," Joseph Konzal for his "East River," Saul for his "Landscape with Figures," and Viola B. Wrigley for her "Western View."

HERE AND THERE: The Galleries of Marie Sterner have an exhibition of paintings by children of the King Coit School. . . . Wanamaker's picture salon is holding a show by members of the Fifteen Gallery. . . . The paintings of Anna Neagoe will be at the Art Center until January 4. . . . Philip Evergood, a young man of increasing talent, has a show at Montross. . . . Daniel's will open the new year with a full exhibition of Kuniyoshi.

—M. P.

Un menu pour la veille du jour de l'an

"A New Year's Eve menu" by the Sherry Chef, and all the provisions therefor, selected by him "avec soign"... and sold over the counter at Sherry's, Madison Avenue and 62nd Street.

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Coeurs des Palmiers, with special Sherry dressing... prepared in the Sherry kitchens ... 90c the portion.

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Glacé Louisiana... timbale of hazelnut mousse, strawberry cover, raspberry sauce. $2.75 the quart... serves six people.

(Orders are now being taken for this and many other special frozen puddings for which Sherry cuisine is noted.)

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE BEST PEOPLE

IN running over my notes for a contemplated monograph on "Aristocracy in America" (to be published posthumously), I have been driven to a suspicion that when the second row-boat-load of Pilgrim Fathers arrived on the Plymouth shore, the first boat-load, who had reached that shore a good half-hour earlier, must have paused in their prayers of thanksgiving long enough to look around at the newcomers and sneer. From that day to this, each arriving ship has been similarly greeted.

A warming sense of being Early American, a complacent consciousness of being a part of the true aristocracy (surrounded, it is true, by a jostling horde of distasteful outsiders) manifests itself in the most unexpected bosoms. I remember noting that phenomenon on one occasion, many years ago, when a distinguished and glamorous cover-artist, who shall be nameless, was trying to sublet an apartment she had been occupying in a tottering building in lower Fifth Avenue. In response to her advertisement, many prospective occupants came to examine the ramshackle premises, but it was when a man named Levy—palpably named Levy—started dickering for her quarters that the other tenants took fright and action.

The sentiment of the house was hastily mobilized by a Mrs. Scott, on the top floor, and in a round-robin letter which she drew up for all the tenants to sign, Miss McMein was exhorted, for old times' sake, not to surrender her flat to any but one-hundred-percent Americans. The troubled natives who added their signatures to Mrs. Scott's patriotic document were, in the order named, a Mr. Bjorkman, a Mr. Gedenkla, and a Mr. Jamgotchian.

THEN my monograph must include a record of that season in which exclusiveness first raised its ugly head out at Floral Park. This was a good fifteen years ago, when the now flourishing suburb was just a modest community of nurserymen and their horticultural families. But finally a party was given in this Eden to which —O tempora, O mores!—someone was not invited. From that first cleavage it is always but a step to the creation of a society department, with lists of guests and everything, in the local newspaper. A man who had not been invited was at once bewildered and angry. On the commuters' train to New York he aired his grievances.

"So they think they are society people, do they?" he could be heard rumbling. "Society people!" (This last with a snort.) "Why should they set themselves up as better than anyone else? What are we all, anyway? Just people who put dung on pinks."

IN Philadelphia, as might be expected, the very tombs of the better families are supercilious. In all candor, it must be admitted that this observation is set down here by one who never really understood Philadelphia, and who, during eight years spent in that Attic city, remained ever a cantankerous Boeotian. Its folkways fascinated him, from the plenitude of scrapple served at breakfast to the atavistic Elizabethanism of the natives which broke out in such expressions as "me hat" or "me coat."

Most striking of all was the universal and pleasurable absorption in all mortuary matters. No Philadelphia family can really begin *dunking* its breakfast rolls until the obituary column has been scanned and, on banner mornings, the news of some dear acquaintance's death discovered. In my day in Germantown the kids in the grammar school used to confer each Friday over the list of available funerals, in attending which, *en masse*, they could expect to spend a whole, carefree Saturday morning. On any fine Sunday the entire population used to get up and sally forth to the cemeteries. You would see whole families sauntering their paths, bringing along sandwiches, potato salad, and deviled eggs in baskets. Not even Pryor's Band or John Philip Sousa himself at Willow Grove could draw such crowds as packed the trolley cars which led to Laurel Hill or Ivy Hill.

I am sure that my classmates at the Central High School—Master Harry Scherman, of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and one Ed Wynn, who has since done well, they tell me, on the stage—will bear out my memory of the excitement with which our alma mater used to seethe on that day each year dedicated to the Spring opening at the funeral parlors of the local Frank Campbell. It was a fine affair, involving a symphony orchestra and all the latest models in caskets, displayed with *papier-mâché* corpses laid out in them to give the right effect. Next day, our school would be a wreck. No one would have done a smitch of home-work.

All these curious customs I noted in my school days, but it was only a year or so ago that I learned that in Philadelphia even the graves are summoned to bear witness to one's social position. A native accommodated me with this information about one man I had known ever since he used to trudge beside me in knickerbockers, with a school-companion in one hand and a cinnamon bun in the other.

"Oh, he comes of a very good family," I was told, "his family plot is in the oldest part of Laurel Hill."

Which faintly derisive anecdote I told one day last Summer to a lovely Philadelphia lady whose family is so intolerably Early American that the Biddles are the only neighbors they can speak to without a faint note of commiseration tingeing their voices. She was kind enough to smile at my impertinent anecdote, but a puzzled look came in the wake of the smile.

"Of course," she explained to me gently, "they—your friends—cannot have been of a really good family or they could not have been buried in Laurel Hill at all. Ivy Hill is the older cemetery."

ALL of which leaves me just room to tell about the chapter in Philadelphia which enlivened the otherwise uneventful memoirs of a globe-trotting Englishman. He explained that the Quaker City equivalents of the Lowells and Cabots of Boston were a family named Scrapple and that no native would think of serving a breakfast which did not include a warm, appetizing dish of freshly made biddle.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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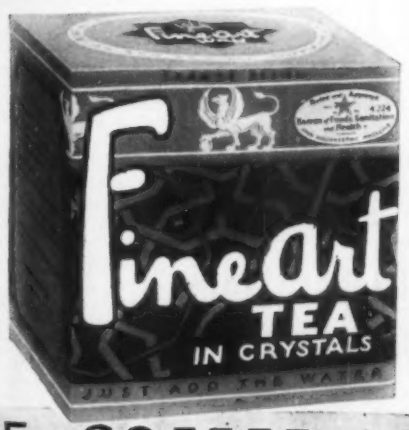
2. Put them in the cup.

3. Add hot water.



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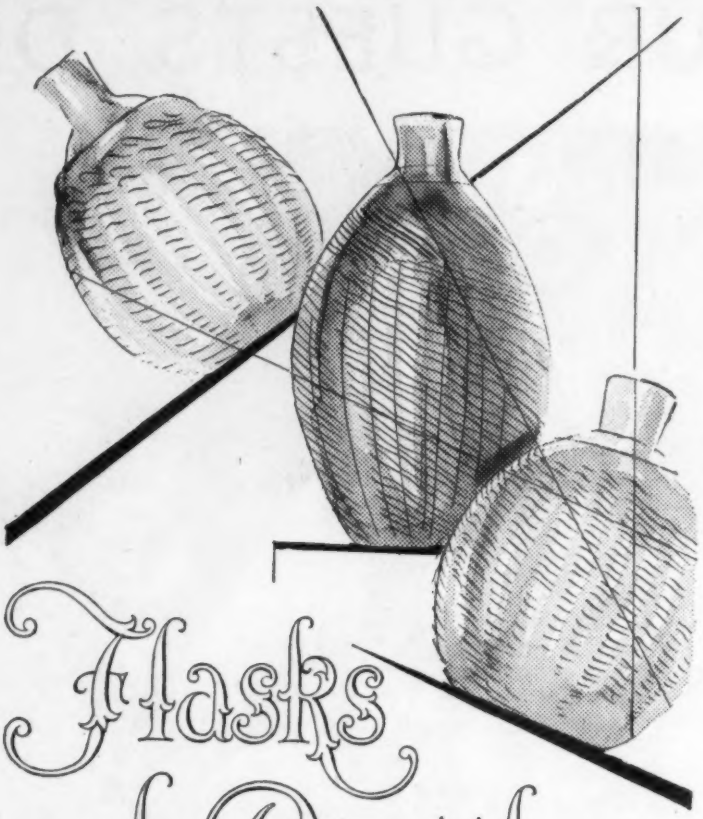

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SATURDAY SECTION OF
The Sun
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NEW YORK

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, DECEMBER 18

AS an accompaniment to the annual season of Peace on Earth, Paris celebrated with a series of pre-Christmas fights that had an unusual capacity for creating more ill-will toward men. Promoter Jeff Dickson's Stribling-Carnera battle was officially settled two minutes after Goliath knocked David down, or four minutes after he officially failed to hear the Philistine bell; but the fight about the fight, and whether an Italian, who should be musical, framed it with a tone-deaf ear, is still going on. Indeed, the discussion, now that all bets have been declared off, has risen to the purer realms of dramatic criticism, the high point being whether the rage of Carnera (who before being a palooka was a stage carpenter) was or was not a superb piece of acting. In favor of the non-Thespian theory, it must be admitted that both in London and here, Carnera—to judge from the unusual speed with which he rolled to his feet after being floored—must have been, if not angry, very, very hurt. And if, owing to Stribling's conscientious holding all during the seventh round, Carnera had no chance to have at him until after the bell rang, one must admit that life can be like that, even for a professional pugilist.

It was a grand fight while it lasted, though. The big man's grunts were audible even in the cheapest seats, and the little man boxed superbly. Carnera was knocked down once, Stribling was knocked down once, and bouncing Bernstein, the Tiny Tad of referees, fell down once—to make everything square. Moreover, the big scene when the final foul blow was delivered was equal to a Keystone comedy of the old days. Stribling sat down on the canvas with a thump, in the best slapstick tradition; the ring suddenly swarmed with midget men—old Pa Stribling in a hunting jacket, Young Stribling's young stripling brother, Carnera's tiny second, some little gents in dinner jackets, and the incredibly minute Bernstein, bounding in tight white trousers—Lilliputians all, hurling themselves on Gulliver and hanging from his high waving arms like apples. It was an unforgettable sight.

The setting was notable; the tawdry old Vélo' d'Hiv', egg-shaped, opaque with smoke, cluttered with girders, lights, microphones, and lifted faces, was a magnificent lithograph of brutal beauty. The crowd was dense—smart around the ringside, and international, lacking in brilliance only some two thousand of the English ticket-holders, who were defrauded at the last minute by the suspension of Channel boats and planes in the terrible coastal storms.

THE second struggle, always due this time of year, was dull, as usual. The only element of great fiction about the awarding of the Prix Goncourt is the theory that it is still awarded for great fiction. There is no great fiction being written in France at the moment; and if there were, it is doubtful if the author could arrange to be poor, male, unknown, and have his works be romantic and social, all at the same time, as the Goncourt specifications desire. Marcel Arland's "L'Ordre," this year's winner, at least looms large by being in three volumes, which kept the critics up reading all night and equally discouraged booksellers, wise to the public's fear of trilogies. Otherwise "L'Ordre" is a competent triptych, solemnly Stendhalian, concerning a young man who lacks Julian Sorel's brilliant disorderliness and comes to a less interesting bad end. Arland is a thirty-year-old school teacher in the Paris suburbs. Faced with his photograph and works, one is astounded to hear that, for a few months in his literary life, he once went Dada.

The Prix Femina, second prize of Goncourt Day, fell to Bernanos, an insurance agent who a few years ago leaped into prominence as author of "Sous le Soleil de Satan." His odd interest in holy or demoniacal states of mind is continued in his new prize book, "La Joie," a remarkable study of the mechanics of sanctity and their connection with egomania.

The third, and moneyless, Prix Renaudot (offered by journalists; intelligent appreciation being all they can afford, and more than most juries give) went to Marcel Aymé for his "La Table-aux-Crevés," a peasant story of the Jura mountains. Few critics had to sit up with Aymé's book, it being comfortably out of print. None of the three prize-bearers demands New York publication in translation, though for

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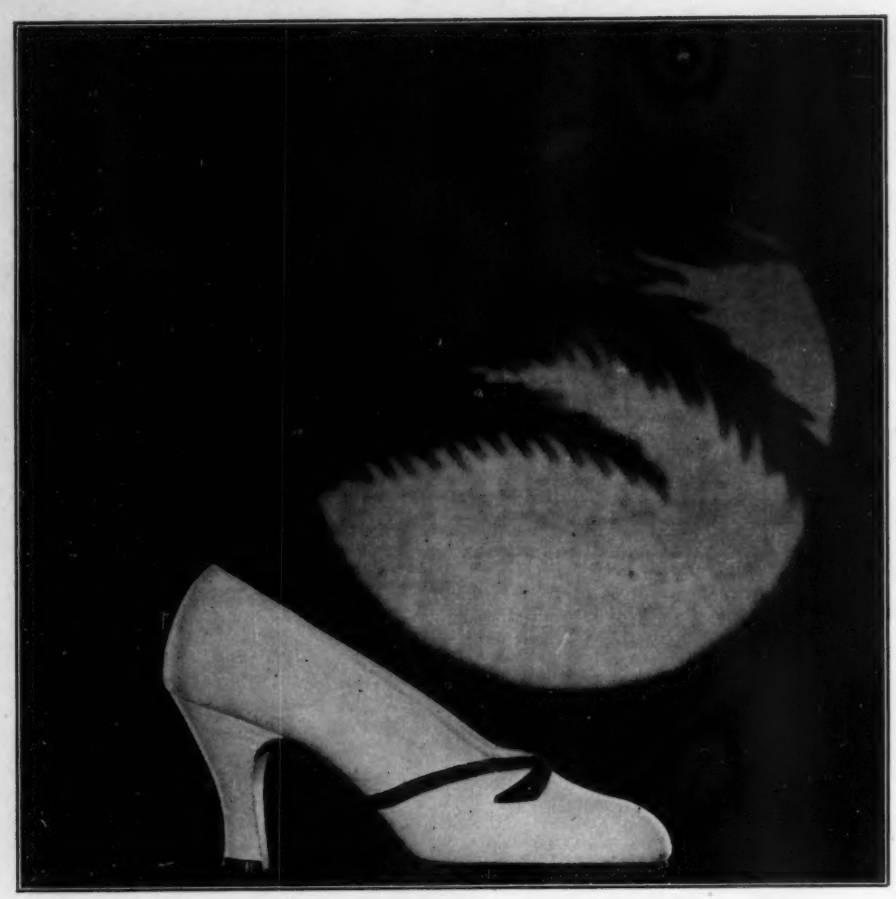

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There is no charge for dyeing the appliqué

Jay-Thorpe
24 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK

those who read French and are fond of saints, we recommend "La Joie."

THE third important Christmas brawl featured the quasi-riots at the Comédie-Française, attendant upon the subscribers' première of "La Belle Marinière," by Marcel Achard, a young modern with delightful successes to his credit. His present piece, aside from being an accidental marvel of verbal and psychological ineptitude, would be unimportant but for the subscribers' reaction. That was remarkable drama. There are not many countries left where, in 1929, a state theatre's bourgeois boxholders will rise against a new piece to shout: "Shame! Infamy! The Comédie is in process of active decomposition!"

The Comédie subscribers are an unchanged Balzacian background to modern Parisian life, a stolid group unfamiliar to resident foreigners, derided and secretly admired by the rest of the French; they are rich and fat with tradition. The like of their dress shirts on Comédie nights is seen on no other virile bosoms, and beneath the matrons' black sequin skirts plod sensible black woollen hose. Their heads, outside of banking or baking hours, are filled with the complete works of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, whose treasures they have heard recited in the grand manner twice a month ever since they were young. Many of the boxes have been held uninterruptedly by the same families for a hundred and fifty years.

Achard's play against which this corsair-loving audience revolted dealt with the domesticities of a dull bargeman. Furthermore, the news got round that the décors by Colin had cost 100,000 francs. The directors of the Comédie should count themselves lucky that their old theatre wasn't wrecked.

IN the few months since France's return to the gold standard, the country as a whole (perhaps because of high prices) has greatly benefited and prospered. The past year has been the greatest investing year since 1913. Money steadily accumulates for government subscriptions and the family sock. It is a happy moment in which to wish *"Une Bonne Année."* —GENÊT

•

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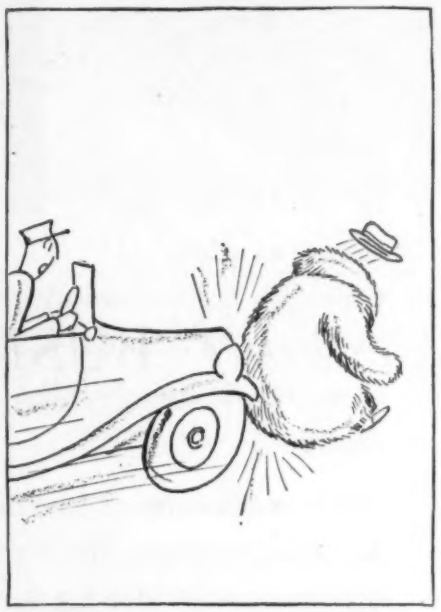
A REPORTER AT LARGE

FOR LONELY HEARTS

YOU might suppose that the big Thursday night gala, when the weekly scores for the silver tango cups are piled up (against the end of the year, when the cups will be awarded with high ceremony) is really the occasion for visiting the dance-halls. The crowds are denser then; the gaiety strung on a finer thread that is more tightly drawn. The double shift of bands yearns a little more fiercely toward the ultimate nervousness of two-four — two-four — doop-oop-e-doop. The hostesses wear their more precious gowns and touch the coloring of their faces with an extra elaboration. There is, about midnight, an interruption for the strutting of six tan ponies down from Harlem. The gala, however, is too patently an imitation of the night clubs—themselves imitations of cloistered and sweetly evil merriment. It is precisely eighty-five cents' worth of a twenty-dollar dish.

But on a Monday night, for example, the scene is dressed with a simpler honesty. . . .



THE two swinging doors shut off from us the clamor of Broadway —still blazing and crowded beyond the glass panels—and brought us within the range of a jazz band that was invisible above stairs.

"Eighty-five cents apiece," said the girl behind the ticket grill. She gave both of us a strip of three tickets. "You get your first three dances for nothing."

We mounted the steps.

The lights were shaded by amber drums, close against the ceiling; the air was filled with perfume and the throb of rhythmic movement. We were in the promenade: a very wide space with green carpet, and glass cases that held huge silver urns. Two or three hundred people were strolling through the promenade, and past them we could glimpse the edge of the dance floor. Beyond the dance floor was a raised platform with two bands bathed in a brighter light—one of the bands idle and dozing over the instruments, the other playing with that controlled electric fervor which even the most exhausted handful of musicians somehow can manage when they converge upon the mono-cadence of jazz.

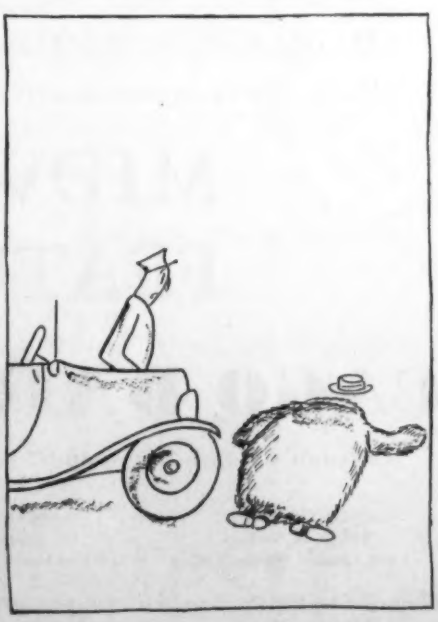
A young woman in a simple dark dress nodded to us without smiling and pointed toward the coatroom. There were three broadly arched windows marked "Gentlemen," and three marked "Ladies." Over each window was a smaller sign: "1–500"—"500–1000"—"1000–1500." Coat hooks, in total, for three thousand men and ladies. The hat checks cost ten cents —a straightforward ten cents, with no uneasiness in timid hearts about the proper amount to tip.

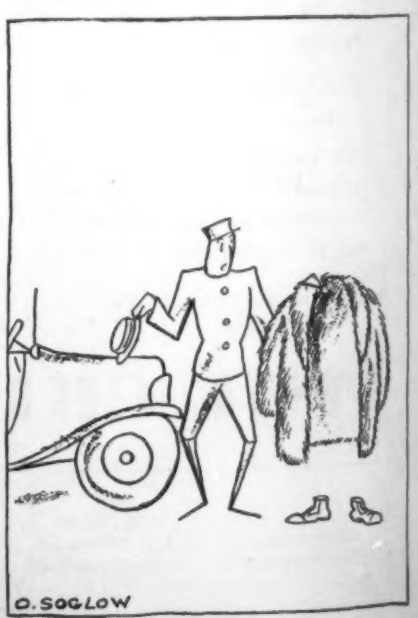
The route by which we returned to the promenade led us past a triple row of seats, over against the far wall, occupied by perhaps thirty girls in gaily colored evening dress. They sat as comfortably as they might in the straight chairs, and the effort to relax brought a few of them into attitudes of awkwardness, like girls resting between dances in the thin gilt chairs of a college prom. When we strolled toward them, they straightened up a little, and one or two unconsciously touched the puffs of hair over their ears. None smiled. They simply watched our steps as we moved slowly toward them.

The young woman in the blue dress was at our elbow.

"Care to dance?" she asked.

It must have been instantly apparent to her that we did not know exactly how the establishment carried on, for





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we seemed a little confused and did not answer very quickly.

"You can dance with any of the hostesses you like," she said. Her hand went out in a quick little gesture toward the girls in the three rows of chairs—a gesture as impersonal as if they had been apples on a tray.

"How do we arrange it?" we asked.

The hostesses who were nearest to us listened with an almost complete lack of interest.

"You buy tickets for two dollars and eighty cents an hour," said the young woman. "The girl gets two dollars and the house gets the eighty cents. Then it costs you a nickel for each dance, after your first three. We only charge that nickel, you know—to keep everybody from mobbing out on the floor at once. Gee, that would be an awful jam. All these people dancing at once."

"We may dance in a little while," we said, and began to move toward the dance floor. The young woman nodded, and whatever small interest we had occasioned in the hearts of the hostesses subsided instantly.

"Any time," said the young woman. "Just pick out the one you like the looks of. They can all dance swell and the price includes the special instruction in special steps."

A ROPE divided the dance floor from the promenade. Here and there were openings, with heavy fellows in full evening dress standing by, holding packets of strip-tickets in their hands. The eyes of these men moved constantly over the throng of dancers, watchful and quite stern.

Along the rope a hundred men were lounging, gazing out at the moving couples. We joined them, close against the rope and gazing. The band played steadily—"A million lights on Old Broadway . . ." The identical tune that bands were playing in dim, velvet night clubs, in the hall where the Tom Farley Association was holding its Big Autumn Festival, in the saloon of the Majestic, in that little pavilion off the Place Pigalle, in Rio and Frisco and Cartersville, Georgia. The figures, shifting slowly and being stared at, moved with that same universality of rhythm which is jazz, the symbol of careless pleasure. The girls were of every sort: pretty and slender girls in evening draperies of mauve or white or orchid (these, one guessed, were selections from the stock of hostesses) sharp-faced little creatures with black, sleepless eyes and close-fitting hats—dun-col-

ored women who might otherwise have been washing the dishes and shutting the screams of children from their ears —carefully dressed girls who lately, one guessed, had shut down their typewriters for the day and decided against an evening at the movies.

The men were of a wider range, for they were older and younger, at the two extremes, and they had gathered here from countless places. One was a vast gentleman, really huge as giants are huge, with silver-gray hair and an excellent black suit of clothing. His face was a little red from the exertion of dancing with a girl in flame-colored taffeta, but he danced unexpectedly well, looking down at the mop of brown hair and holding the girl's hand with gracious lightness in his own. Imagination began a story for him: He was a truant from grave respectability —but the story collapsed and died before it was begun. The atmosphere of the place simply did not nourish it nor any idle whimsies of stolen romance. The air itself was literally charged with respectability. One could only, after all, imagine everyone saying, at the end, "Good night, Miss Jones," and "Good night, Mr. Smith," and hurrying home alone to sleep unmarred by the vaguest hint of remorse.

THERE were couples instantly identifiable: They had been married a year—the first year was rounding out its perilous course—and they had rebelled, for a night, against the blare of the radio in a Bronx flat.

"Let's get out and go somewhere; gee, I'm sick of this dump—" and the counting up of money, the search for stockings without runs. . . .

They danced together, these couples, every dance. When the music was done they moved to the low benches along the hall to sit looking ahead at the moving crowd in the promenade, saying nothing whatever, contented

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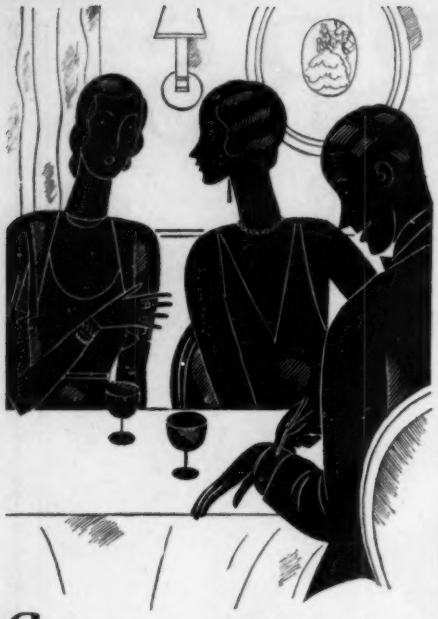
FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET



Sly young Winthrop jotted the name *on his immaculate cuff*

He eavesdropped (tut tut!) when his hostess whispered to her very dearest friend. One word he caught, "Guasti" —and forthwith scribbled on his cuff. 'Twas the flavor secret of her chef's *pièce de resistance.*

And no wonder he so defaced his cuff. Such flavor had not regaled this young man's palate since Ciboure!

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enough. Once, during the evening, they would go strolling through the high arches at the end of the promenade and into the Garden, where goldfish played in the water of a modernistic fountain and little tables with black tops and blue paper roses were cosily arranged within an interminable series of stalls. They would pay forty cents for two ice-cream sodas and, refreshed, return to the dancing floor.

But the majority of the men, as most of the women, had come alone. From a bench in the Gentlemen's Smoking Room we watched many arrive. They came in briskly, with serious faces, and with practiced speed restored the dapper touch which a day in a shop or an office had disturbed. Some of them carried a rather astonishing outfit of toilet accessories: combs and mirrors and nail files and buffers—little phials of oil for their hair and fresh handkerchiefs, drawn from an inside pocket to be thrust into a breast pocket. There was a penny-in-the-slot shoe-cleaning machine which whirled almost constantly.

They went about this business of improving their looks with the most intense gravity, utterly concentrated upon their own efforts and unaware of other men in the room. When they were done, they straightened their coats, gave one final glance at the mirror, and slowly, casually, sauntered out to the promenade.

None of these practiced hands gave the slightest attention to the rows of hostesses. They moved about, glancing into the face of nearly every girl, and finally they would come to a decision. They would approach the girl, and without bow, smile, or apparently a great deal of enthusiasm, ask for the next dance.

"May I have the next?"

"Sure."

Together the new-made friends would move to the dancing floor, and in a moment they were oblivious of each other as they paced the measures —"A million lights on Old Broadway. . . ."

What knowing fellow would pay two-eighty an hour for a hostess when the place was full of girls anxious to dance with somebody?

THE young woman in blue answered our questions pleasantly, directly, and with no surprise whatever over our tedious curiosity.

"We get a lot of regulars," she said. "Some of them come two nights a week, or three, and some come every

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Monday night, or every Tuesday, you know. You see them come regular like that, mostly, when they get soft on some girl they meet here. I'll bet there's fifty weddings a year come out of this place.

"Oh, you get all kinds. You know, right on Broadway and all that. But we don't stand for any rough stuff. Maybe they drink a little sometimes, but we don't encourage it. It's absolutely against the rules for one of the hostesses to take a drink. Anybody that gets noisy goes out pretty quick. And we don't stand for any funny dancing, either.

"Most of the hostesses, this is their only job. We're open in the afternoon too, you know. Tea dancing. Some of them model a little, but not many. They're a nice lot of girls. Talk intelligent and really nice. I mean really nice, you know.

"It's usually out-of-town people, or people like yourself that come in just once in a while, that dance with the hostesses. We've got a hundred and fifty of them, in all. The regular fellows just dance with girls that come in like they do, looking for somebody to talk to and dance with."

Past us, along the dance floor, the close-held couples moved: expressionless, without words, lost in the monotony of incessantly repeated steps. Some, it seemed, were hypnotized to dreaming. Some were keyed to enormous tension by the necessity of avoiding other swaying couples, or of bringing off successfully some slight, perhaps intricate variation of their routine.

"We give away the tango cups and so on," said the young woman, "to keep the regulars interested. They watch the scores and applaud their friends. We've got some mighty good tango dancers come here. You ought to come in Thursday night."

As we fell into the stream of Broadway again, both of us remarked upon a somewhat astonishing phenomenon; not once in all the evening had we observed a smile, nor heard the sound of laughter.—Morris Markey

•

Still something new in aeronautics. The world's first all-metal steam-driven dirigible, City of Glendale, nearing completion in its hangar at Glendale, Cal. Propulsion is supplied by a blower situated in the airship's nose.—*Caption in the Chicago Daily News.*

We wouldn't mind having a handy wrinkle like that ourself.

McCutcheon's

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1930

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Prints? Of course, prints will be smart, but they must be new! Many of the designs in this collection are sponsored by Paris couturiers and are limited to McCutcheon's. On Chiffons, large florals and foliage patterns with plenty of action . . . on Silks, the tiny spaced motifs superimposed on faconné grounds are the last word.

Cottons and Linens? Such a smart collection that one of New York's foremost stylists selected several McCutcheon fabrics to feature in her Palm Beach frocks—French Peasant Prints, Dotted Swiss, Eyelet Embroidered Batiste, Japanese Cotton Crepe and Sudanette. And you'll want to see the new designs in Handkerchief Linens, Piqués, Liberty's Tana Lawn—in short, all the smart Cottons and Linens.

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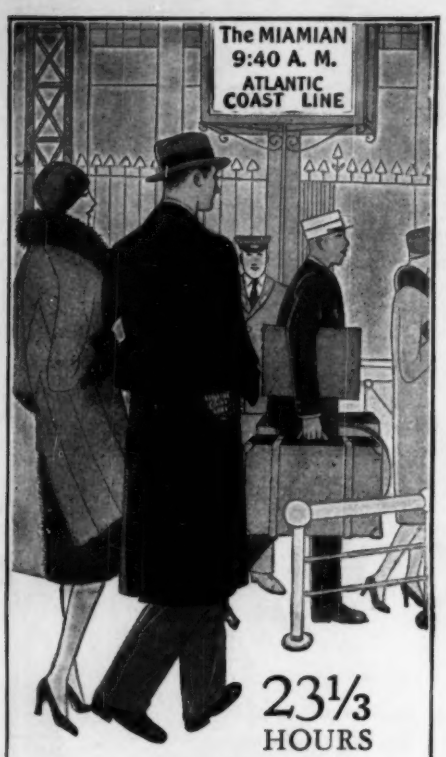

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Holiday Revival Meetings—Another New Tenor, and a Menacing Recitalist

THEY'RE holding revival meetings in every auditorium this holiday season. The Friends of Music brought out Bach's Christmas Oratorio in Mecca Temple; the Metropolitan has dusted off Verdi's "Luisa Miller;" and the Little Theatre Opera Company, which now does more at the Heckscher Theatre than it does in its native Brooklyn, has taken up with "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," one of those Offenbachanals which usually appear only in a restaurant musicale.

Of "Luisa Miller" there will be more next week. The Friends had another hit with their Bach oratorio, and I hope they won't consider the description unduly profane. Mr. Bodanzky, as is his custom, abridged the work so that it fitted into the interval between late Sunday dinner and early Sunday evening supper. It is becoming fashionable to be scholarly about Mr. Bodanzky's excisions, and I trust that Mr. Bodanzky will revenge himself on his critics by giving some five-hour work without cuts and without intermissions.

Cuts or no cuts, the Christmas oratorio was one of the fine achievements of the Friends, with especial merits for chorus, for Mme. Matzenauer, who is superb in this music, and for Mr. Bodanzky. Even the arm-weary Metropolitan Orchestra acquired a degree of poetic fervor.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN" turned out to be the smoothest performance I have yet seen 'way up north at the Heckscher. The libretto is remarkably insipid, and it received no assistance either from the routine dialogue or the English lyrics, which included such samples as "Me you will quite forget." However, Vassili Kouchita, who made the production, has snapped up the stage business to no small degree, and there were some imaginative touches—notably the setting of a scene in view of the audience while the participants in that scene circled upstage behind a scrim. The notion of turning up the lights while the hero soliloquized, and dimming them as he returned to the action of the piece, was another smart innovation.

A greatly improved orchestra, skillfully chaperoned by the immensely capable William J. Reddick, had no great difficulties with Offenbach's lightweight scoring, and the chorus was excellent. Most of the music is trifling stuff but quite as good in its way as the material in such overrated affairs as "The Chimes of Normandy."

There was a new prima donna, with Ruth Altman, who is quite the most fetching young woman I have encountered in several years of poking around opera houses. Her singing was quavery, but she acts alertly and has something that ought to put her over resoundingly in romantic light opera. I suspect that you will hear more of her. Another new voice was that of Susan Fisher, a bright ingénue with an agreeable manner of singing.

What with an ensemble that sang and danced with one breath, and some fearfully grotesque makeups, the Little Theatre troupe made it plain that it has gone Russian, and the attractive, if non-Parisian, settings also were Muscovite. Probably this is a transitional phase for the company, but it is an illuminating one, and it still is possible to recommend the Little Theatre shows to you. Even if you don't find everything exactly like the Metropolitan, you may at least find Mr. Kahn there, as the first-nighters did.

EDWARD RANSOME, a sturdy six-footer, is the latest leading tenor at the Metropolitan, and after hearing his début in "Il Trovatore" I am baffled by his performance. Unlike many nervous débutants, Mr. Ransome sang with so much restraint that it became difficult to guess what he would sound like if he came out of his shell. All that I can note now is that he has no tremolo, that the voice is legitimately dramatic rather than lyrical, and that he knows his music. Sentence suspended.

ONE recent recital débutant, who won the season's most comprehensive panning, is reported as threatening to have all the daily music reviewers discharged. I did not comment on his strange concert because there was nothing interesting about it, but if he breaks

loose again, I shall have to take my chances with his influence!—R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

A Show That Isn't Here Yet, and Some That Are

BY courtesy of the publishers, I am able to report in advance on the score of "Nina Rosa," which has been touring here and there and probably will be with us one of these days. It is the latest creation of Mons. Romberg, and from the printed songs that have come my way, it seems to be somewhat simpler than some of his previous *opera*. The hit, I take it, is "My First Love—My Last Love," which some of the customers may find a shade reminiscent but typically Rombergian in its effectiveness. The "Serenade of Love" is a tango that does not deviate from sound tangoistic practice and may be another hit—at least on gently illuminated dance floors and dancers. "Your Smiles, Your Tears" is a waltz which couldn't have been difficult to write, but again—here is something that will work. The title song has one of those snappy march verses that seem to be exclusive to Mr. Romberg and an attractive fox-trot chorus. All in all, a score from which you will hear much.

NOT much has been said about the music from "Sons o' Guns," which is in what is known as a "commercial" rather than a "production" vein. Here, too, is a good march—"Over Here"—and a neat little fox trot called "I'm That Way Over You." If you want a hot number for homemade transcription, try "Red Hot and Blue Rhythm."

"BITTER SWEET" and "Fifty Million Frenchmen" are unusual in that their tunes and lyrics come from versatile gentlemen who require no collaborators. Consequently, there is much more adroit mating of melody and text than one generally finds in musical comedies. Lyrics like "Green Carnation" and "Ladies of the Town," from "Bitter Sweet," and the fur-coat song (unpublished), from "Fifty Million Frenchmen," are unbelievably civilized. The Messrs. Coward and Porter betray a few amateurish touches in their musical construction—and perhaps that is why ditties like the former's "If Love Were All" and "Zigeuner," and the latter's charming "You Do Something to Me" and ingeniously col-

when you *go* south . . .
when you *are* south . . .

fly!

What's more swagger than chartering a private air yacht?

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ored "Paree," are well away from the usual oompahstries.

WHILE you're laying in holiday music, don't overlook "Heads Up!," in which Richard Rodgers indulges himself in some well worked-out harmonic and rhythmical experiments and Lorenz Hart avoids some of his earlier convolutions in rhyme. "Why Do You Suppose?" is one of their best joint efforts. "A Ship Without a Sail" is not the smoothest job ever put forward, but it bears more repetitions than you might suppose. If you happen to own a ukelele, don't miss "My Man Is on the Make," a grand Hart-Rodgers fabrication. Don't miss it anyhow. —POP

•

A LADY'S DEATH-BED PRAYER

(*"Why do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? Do we affect fashion in the grave?"*—DUCHESS OF MALFI.)

Will there be epigrams, will there be snuff,
Shall we be collared in tippet or ruff?
Shall we wear miniver, ermine, or sable,
Will there be palfreys or cobs in the stable?
Will the bustle be modish or sleeves leg-o-mutton,
Shall we depend on a brooch or a button?
Shall we love guardsmen or film stars or princes,
Will poets compare us with peaches or quinces?
Shall we be slim or expansive in girth,
Shall we suppress or give vent to our mirth?
Shall we be stately or coy or demure,
Simulate coldness or burn to allure?
Shall we hold babies or dogs on our lap,
Shall we play patience or contract or nap?

And just one thing more I simply must know—
Where, oh dear Lord, do the nice people go?

—J. L. SWEENEY

•

The United States is quite a small country compared with some other countries, but is about as industrious.—*Popular Knowledge Magazine.*

And they say the food's good.

DREAMS

☆ Dreams are an escape from yourself.

☆ They are a kind of magic carpet onto which one steps and rides away from his wounds and his mediocrity.

☆ And they are more—as far as you can dream, so far can you one day go; for dreams are the lovely plans of the unknown reaching towards us to be fulfilled; they are the multi-colored promise of that which can come to pass.

☆ What is a flower but the completed vision of a quiet little seed dreaming in the dust?

☆ What are these terraced buildings all about us like strong hands lifted towards the sky in grave salute, but the dreams of men, come true?

☆ What are the stars, and beyond, more stars too for us to see—all the mystery and movement of the universe—but the reveries of some God, expressed in form?

☆ When one no longer dreams of the beauty that could be, he has begun to die.

☆ Always Elizabeth Arden has dreamed of beauty to be shared with every woman in the world. But she has done more than dream. Like all inspired dreamers, she has crystallized her visions into realities.

☆ LeReve d'Elizabeth, the perfume of dreams, has caught the very spirit of gardens dreaming in the moonlight. In its fragrance is a quality that makes one remember her lovely power to dream, to step on a magic carpet and ride away into new worlds.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE very instant that the Christmas excitement blows over, all the shops in town immediately become violently active, on the calm assumption that every soul in this town of ours is going to Palm Beach, Havana, Nassau, or Miami, and must immediately buy entire wardrobes for the occasion. And, whether they exaggerate or not, the fact remains that the summer clothes which are being shown right now will give you a pretty fair idea of the way you ought to look next summer.

IN millinery, there is considerable to-do about a new straw called "panamalac," though many shops have fancy names of their own for it in the fond belief that their customers will think it exclusive with them. It comes in two versions, apparently—one of them looks like a rough linen; the other has a spun-sugar sheen. The advantages are that it can take crisp baku shapes (it looks exceedingly crisp, as a matter of fact) and at the same time may be draped like felt without cracking or being bulky. You can imagine for yourselves what fun the shops are having with this.

FOR the beach, Stewart is doing several grand things that combine high fashion, value, and low cost. In the first place, there is a shorts costume of shantung. The buttoned tuck-in top has a chemise strap and short sleeves; the pants are belted, pleated, and very short indeed. The second item is mechanics' overalls of linen, collarless and buttoned down the front, some high in back and some cut very low, having patch pockets even where you sit down—and cut in one piece, naturally. In smoky, dull blue, they have the casual quality essential to smart beach things, and are also well cut, so as to be becoming to the average figure. (The cost, ten-fifty, is worth noting.) However, the really silly, exciting thing here is a Chinese laundryman's suit. Straight, black broadcloth pants and, over these, a jacket and sleeves of white broadcloth flaring out smartly from the shoulders down to the top of the hips, buttoned up the front with frogs, and jaunty in general. You wear a big, black, rough-straw beach hat with this, and the effect couldn't be more ridiculous or attractive.

Among the tennis dresses, there is a knockout from Patou that starts something brand-new for daytime. The skirt is circular, the belt is high, and the top is very tailored and has a shoulder-strap décolletage. If this is too much of a shock to you by itself, you can wear the sleeveless cardigan that accompanies it. . . . The newest espadrilles have jointed wooden soles that are completely flexible; other beach shoes have a rigid sole of cork with fancy straps holding your instep and your toes down. . . . For evening in any part of the world, Lelong has done a swell bracelet of small crystal rondels strung on elastic. You put the first

"I don't know
what it's called, but I'll know it if I see it."

. . . after all it is only logical, that to be successful, the resort wardrobe should be chosen where the mode finds its inception. This naturally suggests waiting until you have reached Miami . . . and have seen . . .

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AMERICA'S SMARTEST BEACHWEAR

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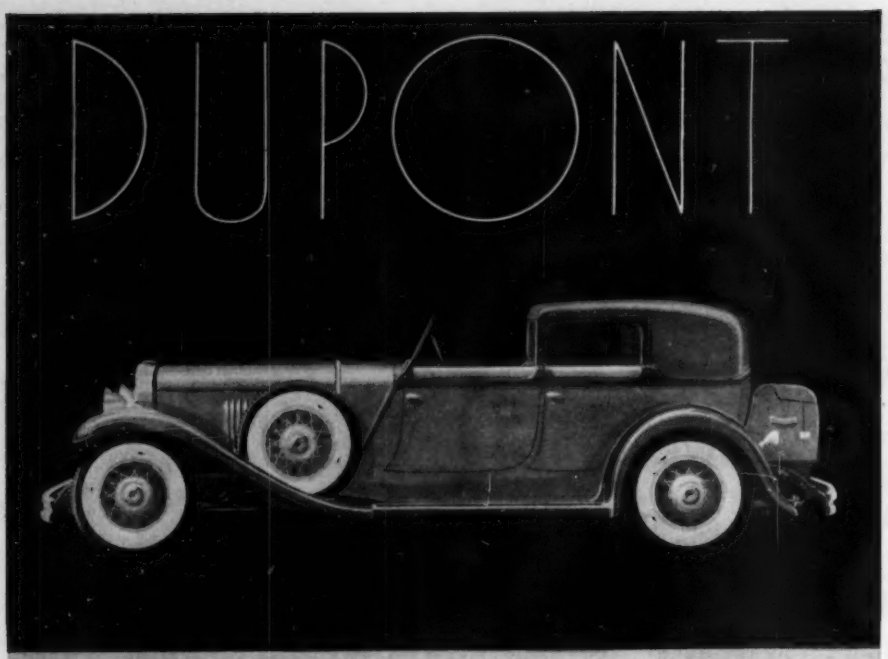
DUPONT



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loop around your wrist and wind and wind until your forearm is a solid mass of crystal. Like the jewelry on African women, only removable. A five-strand necklace to match accompanies this, and it really is fun. . . . The latest bathing cap is of a silvery rubber, cut like a diving cap but having a point down over the forehead, and other becoming details. . . . There are some marvellous dresses on the tailored type of cotton tweed, which looks just like those rough, casual, imported tweeds but is, naturally, infinitely cooler. . . . For dining outdoors at Palm Beach, or theatre-going right here, look at a silly Agnès skullcap of horsehair lace with big chenille dots. . . . And one of the most amusing raincoats yet seen in the short life of this department is by Schiaparelli. It is of a rubberized stuff that looks like a rough woollen or ratiné fabric, slips over the head, and zips up to a little turn-down collar. The sleeves are gathered in at the wrists with elastic; there is a belt, and a kick pleat in front. The colors are vivid, to brighten up a gray day.

All in all, the new Stewart ought to come in pretty handy to restless women.

JAY-THORPE, who also cast lingering glances at the southern trade, are doing beautiful things with pajamas that have a gracious look. There are several of the one-piece type—one of crêpe with a shoulder-strap décolletage, a string belt that may be adjusted at will, and enormous, godeted pants. This has a long printed jacket to be worn over it. Another, for travelling or general use, starts off with a one-piece pajama with a plain top and printed pants, a mannish belted jacket that flares forth below the belt, and a big zipper bag, also of the print. There are several two-piece suits, one in particular having huge pants gathered on the tight hips well above the knees, and a longish jumper, hugging the hips tightly, with a scarf that may or may not completely conceal the throat. Long sleeves and a delicious effect. Another two-piece pajama has enormous pants (I shouldn't repeat this, they all have huge ones) and a little slip-over-the-head jacket tied in a bow at the chest, clinging to the waistline, and flaring out a bit below. The prints are—as is usual with this shop—beautiful and not too wild. You will also find those huge, cloppery, cork bathing shoes here—clumsy and amusing and imported; more conservative beach sandals with heels in cork and kid; and some grand beach rugs, specially woven

for this shop in France. Also, the newly organized shoe department is making a specialty of a nice short-vamp pump of a fine, white buckskin, with a crossed-strap decoration over the toe that is to be dyed to match your dress or accessories. The whole effect of the shoes is soft and luxurious.

The printed evening gowns at Jay-Thorpe, in the all-ready-to-put-on department, are another item worth everybody's notice. First of all, fine lace in light colors has been given more character by the use of black thread run through the pattern, giving almost a Paisley effect to the fabric. Then, printed chiffon—the most beautiful in white with one color—done in flowing and simple lines. (There is a chiffon with hand-blocked patterns all over it in brown and nasturtium tones that is a knockout, but I am talking of Great Generalities here.) Printed flat crêpe may also feature the black-or-white-with-one-color idea, which gives it simplicity and is not so disturbing to the eye that the personality of the wearer is obscured. Printed taffeta in soft, running-together designs reaches a high point in a slithery dress that is molded and long in front, is completely backless, and is made wicked by the fact that the bodice ties around in a perky bow well below the shoulder-blades. In this department at Jay-Thorpe, they like evening gowns to clear the floor; and they prefer long, flowing gowns with fairly even hems to sudden dips and trains. And, my dears, how well they do it! You look *so* tall; you look *so* slim!

Besides inspecting dresses in the fabrics ranted about above, petite women with come-hither should look at a jaunty dress of brightly printed black taffeta with a bolero, short puffed sleeves, and a full, full skirt below the tight hipline. Languorous blondes should inspect a ravishing dress of silver brocade that swathes the figure and has a little square shawl of the same fabric, edged with black lace, to accompany it. And almost anyone would be interested in a shoulder-strap dress of a new reddish-brown shade, done in a very tailored way and having a jacket.

VOYAGERS bound to Canada for winter sports should take advantage of the low prices and excellent quality at the Shetland Wool-Craft shop, just a few doors below the Ritz in Montreal. All kinds of hand-woven and hand-spun blankets, auto robes, Fair Isle sweaters, socks, and children's things for both sexes. —L. L.

HAVANA

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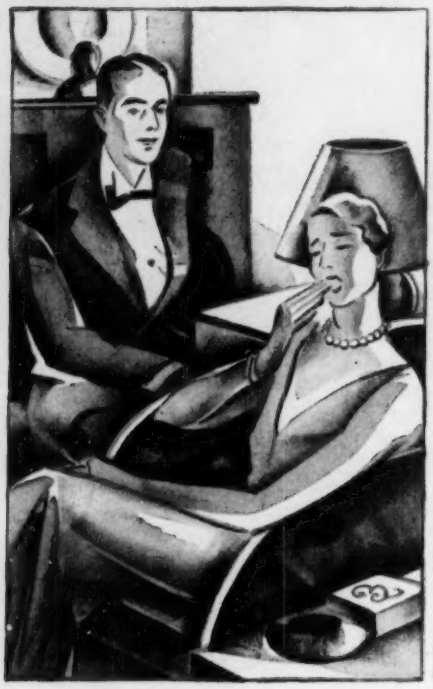
WHY spend a king's ransom and a month at sea to obey that urge for foreign travel? Your friends who "did" Cuba last year will tell you that Havana is the Paris of the new world . . . that there's something so very different about this social rendezvous of two continents . . . so much to see in the quaint towns and villages that dot the map of Cuba . . . that Cuban travel is the greatest antedote for home-dulled and business-worn Americans. ¶You'll find all of those "different" things you've longed for . . . interesting shops to browse about in, strange scenes and odd customs . . . the musical hum of a foreign tongue . . . the gaiety of Paris, sports and pastimes of the Riviera, the healthful warmth and sunshine of the tropics . . . and a background of Old Spain . . . all in this enchanted island . . . only two nights out from New York or two hours by air from Miami. ¶Havana was "made to order" for the tourist. There's something new to do and see every minute of the day and night. There's golf on splendid courses, Jai-Alai, the swift Spanish ball game that proves the hand is quicker than the eye; smart, modern hotels, yachting, speed-boat regattas, horse racing, intriguing eating places, dazzling social functions, gorgeous scenery flanking hundreds of miles of hard-surfaced motor roads down through the island . . . fishing, hunting . . . everything that goes to round out a winter vacation . . . without the penalty of extensive travel or excessive cost. For the business man there's long-distance telephone communication to the United States at reasonable expense. For the family with children there are good American private schools. Havana is the approved winter gathering place for the travel-wise . . . the ultimate in winter resorts.

For further information, any Cuban Consulate, any travel bureau, any railway, steamship or airplane ticket office, or the Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana.

Is she bored?
is she indifferent?



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HOCKEY

What the Wise Spectator Will Not Wear—Tough Spots—Rabbit and the Portland Rosebuds

TOP hats are all very well in the boxes on a Sunday night, but it's risky to wear them in the promenade. There were two of them close to the ice in a recent game. One was worn by a spruce gentleman near the Eighth Avenue goal, who nearly lost it when Oliver of Boston boosted the puck into the crowd behind him. The other belonged to an elderly man on the other side of the rink. He would lean back and shield his hat with his hands when the play swept close to his front-row seat; at length, with a harassed air, he took it off and sat through the rest of the game with his head bare in spite of the cold.

IT was a good week of hockey, made more interesting by the latest amendment to the rules. Prohibiting forwards from loafing in front of their opponents' goal on the lookout for a pass will mean more refereeing, but it has been obvious lately that the referees have had nothing to do except skate up and down the rink in an effort to keep warm. The new rule will gratify goalies, who have been badly bewildered by this modern, forward-passing hockey.

"This is no business for a goalie any more," Roy Worters said after the Americans-Rangers game. "He gets forced out of position too often, and even when he's set he can't see where all the puck-carriers come from. You follow a play to one corner of the net, and the next minute they've rammed it in behind you and the red light is on. Where do all these shooters come from? You can't tell—there seems like two dozen of them. You'd think some of them had climbed out of the promenade, or maybe slid down from the balcony on a rope."

Worters has had some bad nights, but facts which he did not mention himself could be advanced in his defence. He was discouraged, for one thing, by weak defensive support, and the whole team was tired by the strain of its schedule—a sleeper jump after an out-of-town game to play Boston, then

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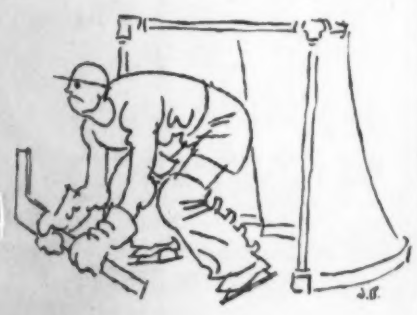
only a day's rest before the Rangers game. They had no time to buy Christmas presents.

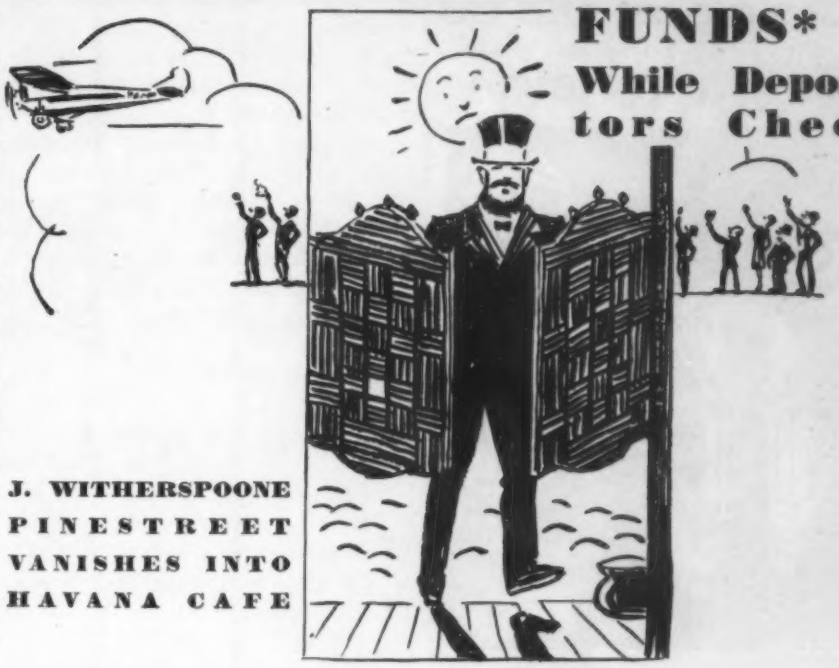
THE only moments in the Boston game when the Americans seemed to have a chance came when there were penalty face-offs. For five years Jack Fillman, the Garden broadcaster, has been telling the "sport fans of the radio audience" what Bill Burch can do with shots from positions close to the net, but until now the goals Burch scored close up have usually been hidden by the jamming players around him. He is the only forward who has learned how to time these shots from a penalty face-off perfectly. He catches the puck with a swing like a golfer's, just as it touches the ice after being dropped by the referee. Before the penalty face-off in front of Boston's goal in the last period, Fillman told his listeners that Burch was going to score; then he let them hear the yell that meant the puck went in.

THROUGH an apparently endless series of revisions, the rules have come to be almost exactly like those that Lester Patrick and his brother, Frank, worked out for the Pacific Coast League when they started it in 1911. For a long time eastern club-owners derided these rules as "shinny," but the bigger gate receipts this year have proved that the Patricks' formulas are all right. Lester Patrick is still trying to get the league to adopt the free penalty shot, which he believes is more dramatic than the present penalty face-off ten feet in front of the goal. The penalty shot is a single combat between the penalized goalie and one selected sharpshooter from the other team. The puck is dropped in a circle thirty feet from the goal; the two teams become spectators, lining up at the side of the rink, while the marksman tries to shoot past the goalie. He has to play his shot out of the circle, but is allowed to go through any antics which he feels will work up suspense or distract the goalie. Once the free penalty was tried out in the Garden in a game



BANKER FLIES WITH FUNDS*

While Depositors Cheer



J. WITHERSPOONE PINESTREET VANISHES INTO HAVANA CAFE

CLUTCHING a little black bag, J. Witherspoone Pinestreet, senior vice president of Amalgamated National, hurried aboard a Pan American Airliner at Miami, and settled back with obvious relief in his comfortable chair.

Shrill cries from the Terminal Building . . . A hasty dispute, and a dozen of his largest depositors rushed on to the field—too late. The gigantic airliner was already in motion, three sturdy motors winging it away toward Havana.

"You'll follow?" gasped a visiting deputy sheriff, reaching for his trusty six-gun.

"You bet!" chorused the depositors. "Three cheers for Witherspoone Pinestreet."

With a gentle sigh, the deputy fainted.

* * * *

What was it all about? Simply this.

When he talked about flying to Havana, they did not believe. They followed him all the way to Miami to see if he would. And he did. A few minutes later, they took one of the next airliners and followed his example. They, too, appreciated the comfort of the Pan American way—the sturdy airliners with a crew of four, with restful seats, clear-vision windows, modern toilet facilities.

But they never caught him. His speed in Havana was tremendous.

Only weeks later, when they returned to find him at his usual desk, did they have a chance to tell him that now he was a travelled man of the world, they had voted unanimously to make him president of the bank.

*They were his own funds.

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between the Americans and the Portland Rosebuds in 1926. Rabbit McVeigh made the shot, putting it over with all the flourishes he could think of. Instead of standing still in the circle to shoot, he skated all around the rink, ostensibly getting up speed. He passed behind the Portland goal to the irritation of its defender, Jakie Forbes, then moved out to the middle of the ice and, abruptly turning, caught the puck out of the circle and sent it past Forbes' knee like a bullet.—N. B., Jr.

•

STREET SCENE

Far from Assisi
Here he stands
Where down a well
Of windowed walls
Most blessedly
The sunlight falls
Golden below.
His outstretched hands
Ask alms of none
But scatter bread
For doves that whirl
The wing-tossed light
In irised eddies
And make bright
An aureole
About his head.
His days have followed
Poverty
But not that other
Rule austere
Of abstinence,
For lurching here
He reels in rings
Unsteadily,
A battered old St. Francis,
Till police
Arrest him
For disturbing public peace.

—Jean Batchelor

•

He kissed her mouth. He kissed her until she ceased to struggle, until she went limp in his arms, until she couldn't stand, until her eyes closed down, until she was beaten. Even after that he kissed her—roughly, ruthlessly, as if he could never leave off—despairingly, remorsefully, as if he could never leave off. He picked her up like a child at last and kicked open the screen door and carried her in. He set her down in a chair like a doll and put a pillow behind her head and smoothed her hair back from her forehead and kissed her forehead and then her mouth again—twice again—before he wrenched himself away.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

He should have sold then, at the peak of the market.

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Frontier Adventure and Some Uptown Romance

AS the years roll by, many good people don't know what Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian," is about—which was hardly the case not long ago. The picture now at the Rialto will probably be a new experience to a large majority, and these initiates may acknowledge that they had some good stories in the old days, for the illustrious old best-seller comes out very well on the screen, with pleasant photography and agreeable sound effects to enhance its narrative.

It is a tale of the Wyoming of the seventies, when a cattle thief was hanged by the neck until dead, with the approval of all the community, and when the popular duels of the frontier drove the whole town to shelter while the combatants fought it out.

Gary Cooper plays the Virginian, the young rancher who must sentence his best friend to be hanged, and sit by while the verdict is carried out. The hanging scene and the duel make the two big moments of an otherwise gentle love idyll of a pretty school teacher from Vermont and a big, rangy, humorous cowboy. The hanging episode, however (the friend is played by Richard Arlen), and the duel at the end are both expertly finished sketches, leaving little for Mary Brian, as the school teacher, but scenes of the conventional sweetheart character. It is easily one of the best of the pictures of frontier life that we have had of late.

VERY different from "The Virginian," and quite diverting in its way, is "The Mysterious Island;" it is based on the Jules Verne stories, chiefly on, if I remember rightly, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." This is superb stuff for the movies, and a great deal has been done with its possibilities.

The story presents the invention and launching of the first submarine, and there is a deal of gimcrackery in the way of amazing mechanical devices. Then come delightful scenes of fantastic depths of the sea, with monsters that have somewhat the general physical outlines of men, but exist where men could never live a moment, miles be-

"t'was the night before xmas

and all thru the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse, so engrossing was the entertainment. of course, this could happen only at

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the criterion

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is "pointed heels"... rather this than a cloven hoof, and far more interesting, with fay wray, and helen kane with skeets gallagher, to boot. ben black directs the stage band and the crawfords take care of the organs.

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low the surface. We see weird fish, and even that most sinister horror of the sea known to man, the octopus—a satisfactorily mammoth octopus which can embrace with its tentacles the whole submarine and, once, a wreck of a Roman galley with the skeletons of slaves chained to the oars.

Aside from these aquarium items, the picture is prolonged and involved with plot, and even with a love interest, though it cannot be said that Jules Verne, ingenious as he was, was ever celebrated for his heroines.

The film is only partly a talking one, but it is, to compensate us for that, rather effectively done, all in color and with Lionel Barrymore as the great inventor.

THE other movies of the week dealt with our own quite commonplace existences. There was "The Shannons of Broadway," with the Gleasons, following very much the story of the original play about the stranded vaudeville team that buys a country hotel. Viña Delmar's "Dance Hall" opened at the Globe—a trivial love story of a very young and guileless dance-hall "hostess" and an even younger and more guileless youth. In Alice White's "The Girl from Woolworth's," the young lady leaves the Five-and-Ten for a night-club job, which leads to complications with her true love, a subway guard. It is a cheerful little sketch, in a mild way. Harry Green does a neat piece of character acting as Ike Lazarus in "The Kibitzer," his performance contributing what humor there is.

THE News Reel Theatre, at the Embassy, continues to draw crowds, and also to prove, perhaps, that our lives are not so commonplace after all. The bill lasts about an hour, and you can drop in any time for a *soupçon* of items. The things are well edited, and though all do not hold your attention—such as a debate over the long or short-skirt dilemma—last week it offered a thrilling rescue at sea, and a romantic marriage at the Little Church Around the Corner—this episode preceding a glimpse of the Powys-Bertrand Russell debate: "Is Marriage a Failure?" —J. C. M.

•

Mrs. Auchincloss was born in Brooklyn and while a child came to New York with her parents.—*The Sun.*

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COURT GAMES

A Champion's Speed — St. Paul's and Harvard

THE 7–0 defeat of the University Club squash-racquets team at the hands of the Harvard Club was not so overwhelming as the score suggests, but it has served to put Harvard in a position where it is pretty sure to win the Metropolitan League championship. Before the match, both teams had won three engagements and lost none; now, since each has but one more encounter to face, University can tie for first place only if it wins its game and Harvard loses the other.

The University Club's defeat was not so bad as it sounds because most of the individual matches were very close. Raymond F. De Voe surprised the gallery by the violence of his struggle against J. Lawrence Pool of Harvard; but the national champion's speed was too much for him, as it is for practically everyone, with the possible exception of Herbert N. Rawlins, Jr., of the Racquet Club. Rawlins is Pool's only serious rival in New York; he plays a soft game, relying on finesse, footwork, and timing. The only way to break up tactics of this sort is to play a hard game, and for this reason Pool has developed into a slugger. If he tried to repay Rawlins in his own coin, he would be outmaneuvered every time.

Another University Club man who put up a strenuous fight was H. D. Lancaster, a Class B man until this season; it took five games for Robert Debevoise to win. Lancaster, incidentally, comes from Canada, where they play a great deal of squash racquets.

THE appearance of A. E. Ells on the University courts the other night may not have struck terror in the hearts of the Harvard players, but it was in a way an historical event. Mr. Ells was one of the little group that started to make squash racquets popular nine or ten years ago. The game had been going on in a desultory way at the Racquet Club for some time, but the first real impetus came from the University Club. Originally only squash tennis was played there; in 1920 there were not more than a dozen squash-racquets players in the entire

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club. Royal E. T. Riggs and Arthur H. Lockett, later donor of the Lockett Trophy, started the ball rolling. Owing to their efforts, immense locker-rooms were built and tea gardens demolished to make room for squash courts. Today no squash tennis is played in the University Club, but there are eight squash-racquets courts —the biggest layout in town.

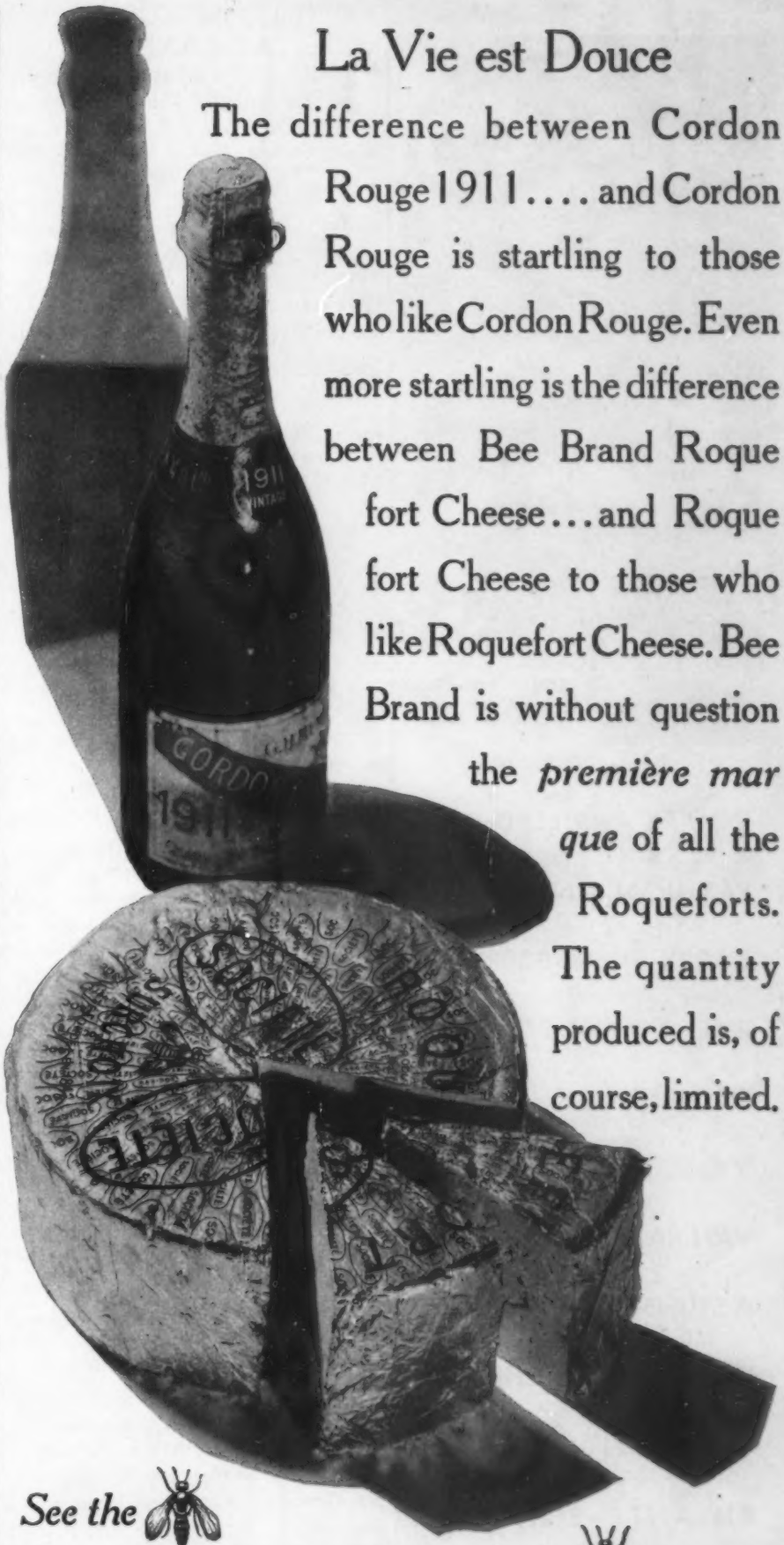
One of the first to fall in with the new order of things was Mr. Ells. Formerly squash-tennis captain of the Harvard Club, already in his forties, he shifted his enthusiasm to squash racquets, playing a hard game and holding his racquet tight with a squash-tennis grip. At the age of forty-seven he won the Metropolitan championship, and at fifty-two is still an excellent player. Under his presidency last year, the Metropolitan Squash Racquets Association took a new lease on life, and, aided and abetted by George Debevoise and Perry R. Pease of Harvard, formed a Metropolitan League of six clubs. This year a Class B division of ten clubs was added.

OF the three New York teams in the Class A division, Harvard has the advantage of being represented by players who have had years of practice but are still young men. Most of them went to St. Paul's, where there are eight squash-racquets courts, and then had four more years of training under Harry Cowles. The Racquet Club doesn't take the game very seriously as far as outside competition is concerned, and the University Club labors under the disadvantage of age. George Cummings, the professional there, thinks squash racquets is better adapted to older men than squash tennis because the ball is slower, but on the other hand, volleys are longer and you have to run a great deal more. There is greater opportunity for timing and for skill; you cannot stand in the centre of the court and get almost every shot by pivoting, as a player like Tom Coward does in squash tennis. Certainly it is a better game to watch. —G. T. H.

•

Batavia merchants are beginning to feel that the $900 which they spent to secure the services of an imitation Santa Claus and a team of genuine reindeer for a few hours last week, might have been used to better advantage. Nine hundred dollars would have bought a lot of newspaper advertising.—*Holley (N. Y.) Standard.*

"Mamma, do I hear any newspapermen on the roof?"



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THE MENACE OF TAP DANCING

THE noise of off-stage tap dancing is being heard louder and louder throughout the land. It has become social, Junior Leaguish. We who viewed diets with alarm now laugh at those comparatively empty apprehensions, for here we are up against a menace that is a menace. We feel again those shudders of our boyhood when we read in "Treasure Island" of the *tap, tap, tap* of the cane of wicked, old blind Pew. Again we shiver and the very floor shakes sympathetically. This time it is our wives going into their dances.

There are optimists who insist that it won't last, but I am not of them. That is what people said during the second year of the Thirty Years' War. Indications are that almost all who have undergone the suffering of matriculation will go through with their minors in Limbering and Stretching and their major in Tap Dancing and become graduate hoofers. The American Patrol has invaded the home—a thundering herd of wives on the hoof.

THE children and I are drafted into a forlorn little group three evenings a week in our erstwhile quiet apartment. We are allowed to roll back the rug. We are compelled to hum. Then my wife shows us what she learned in class today. She limbers and stretches a bit, heroically suppresses the consequent twinges, and performs.

Nobody has time any more to ask Junior what is the capital of Mississippi. The little piece Peggy proudly learned in school must go unrecited. She was able to get in two lines only above the tapping before she was halted by a stern maternal admonition. Yet those two lines cheered us and I find myself often murmuring them over:

You're just as stiff as pokers, as pokers, as pokers.
With a ransum-tansum tissy-matee.

From that patient soul who lives in the apartment below us, I have not yet heard, bless him! Maybe he is out a lot, but I picture him huddling in the corner of his apartment in Poe-like gloom. He is trying to stop his ears as he hears the tapping, tapping, tapping, tapping, tapping on his chamber ceiling as my wife goes through her routine. Suddenly there is a crash, as the dancer makes a misstep and slips. "Ah!" he exclaims. "The bust of Pallas!"

Still, if he is out sometimes, so are we, and how I dread it! Waiting on a corner for a street car, in any vestibule, or in a place like a railroad station with strong acoustics is regarded by the ardent tap dancer as a Heaven-sent opportunity for practicing a few steps. For the modest accompanying husband this is the height of embarrassment. The passers-by leer and there can be no doubt that they are remarking, "Look at the old buck taking a chorus girl out on a loop."

ALL this can be endured. I will be audience and orchestra at the dance, if needs must. I will even turn my wife over when she is stalled halfway in a somersault. I will do all required of me, if only the following general warning is heeded and the spread of the menace is prevented before it is too late.

It seems that the uniform for this tap-dancing business is a pair of highly abbreviated rompers. These are all very well, since the wearers do not appear in public, but the far-sighted will see in them a dire incitement to more baby parties, for which they are a costume only too ideal. Who can contemplate such a possibility calmly?

And then there is the greatest peril of all—the likelihood that tap dancing will invade the ballroom. Then we will all have to do it. Surely the girls are pointing in that direction as a display for their art, once they acquire it. The Charleston was bad enough. Now limbering and stretching confronts us. Already we can hear in imagination ballroom floors rolling like a snare drum from tapping feet, orchestras blaring *ta-ta-te-ta-ta*, *boom-boom* for a "break," the pitiful cries of the wounded, and so on. Now is the time for all good men to blow taps on tap dancing.

—FAIRFAX DOWNEY

•

The drawing in the upper right-hand corner of page 4 in today's dramatic section of The Times is of Anne Forrest in "The Channel Road" and not of Lina Abarbanell in "The Silver Swan", as the caption indicates. The Times regrets the error.—*The Times.*

As does, just in passing, Lina Abarbanell.

A LETTER TO EDGAR WALLACE

My Dear Mr. Wallace:

I READ in a newspaper during your visit to our country that you said you were not planning to use any American scenes or characters in your books because you "might have trouble with the idiom."

Why, Mr. Wallace, what makes you say a thing like that? I just can't understand why you should have any doubts about being able to write the way Americans talk. I'm afraid you must have a wee bit of an inferiority complex somewhere, and really you shouldn't. Other writers from your side of the Atlantic have caught and crystallized in their books the true spirit of the genuine American character and done it marvellously. So why not *you?*

Just to show you what I mean, I'm going to give you a few examples. You know, it's been rather a hobby with me, collecting American characters in British fiction just to admire the true ring of the native American idiom in their conversation.

Now, for instance, here's a fine sample of how American movie stars really talk. It's in a book called "The Mid-Ocean Tragedy," by John Hawk, a British writer. Mr. Hawk doesn't worry about idioms, Mr. Wallace. He just writes the way he's heard it. Listen to his Bettina Bault commenting on her gambling losses of the previous evening:

"The rude man unloaded me of some greenbacks last night and little Bettina's made up her mind it's the gent's turn to disgorge."

Isn't that cute? The true breezy American if ever there was any.

AND while we're on the subject of the movies, you might get some help from Mrs. Wharton. Of course,

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Afternoon and Evening Gowns

KARGÈRE

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she isn't exactly an English writer, but she seems to belong with transatlantic authors now. In "The Children" there is a famous American movie star named Zinnia LaCrosse who just bubbles over with modern American idiom. Says she, at various times: "Fudge, child!" . . . "Look here, Judy, ain't I always dealt with you white?" . . . "And what a looker you're going to be!" . . . "But movie queens don't have to wear fake pearls, my pet, 'cos if the real ones get stolen, they can always replace 'em." I give you my word, dear Mr. Wallace, that this is pure Hollywood English and you need have no hesitation in using it as a pattern if you ever want to put an American film favorite into one of your books.

Now I don't see how, with all you get done, you could find any time for reading, Mr. Wallace, but in case you had read "Vestal Fire," you'd know that Compton Mackenzie doesn't let a little matter of American language slow up his typewriter. In Angela Pears he's given us a faithful picture of a charming young American girl of good family. Listen to Angela addressing her grandfather: "Well, I think it's just derned silliness, Granpa. What do you guess you're going to do, anyway? You can't run about blowing a horn all night at your age, you old peanut." That's *so* true to life among the young people of our country, Mr. Wallace.

And there's that other book of Mr. Mackenzie's that shows a touch of the south wind. You know, one of the "Extraordinary Women" is Zoe Mitchell, from the U. S. A. She's the last word in up-to-date, picturesque conversation. Zoe says, "I don't give a cent for her opinion. She's just a poor old hamfat." . . . "Oh, hell to your friendship! I don't call it friendship to have a girl come all the way down from Paris to this bum little island just to pep up another girl."

And just look at Alfred Noyes. He knows a thing or two besides that famous trip to Kew in lilac time. In "The Sun Cure" there is a newspaperman with American training who talks American, and how. It's another splendid example of a thorough knowledge of the nuances of American speech. Murdoch drops his "g"s and he says "sumpin'." Notice how he spells "sumpin'," Mr. Wallace. That's particularly worth remembering. For instance, Mr. Murdoch, doing some detective work, exclaims, "He's hiding [Oh, I'm sorry. Mr. Noyes forgot to have him drop that "g." I think it's the only one though] sumpin'; and it'll be a scoop for the *Daily Telegram*, whatever it is. Unless the Reverend Basil Strode tells lies for fun, it must be sumpin' pretty big."

So you see, Mr. Wallace, really it isn't hard to make your American characters talk like us Americans. I feel sure you'd have no trouble. Or maybe you know George Dilnot over there. He could help you out any time, because he surely has got our idiom down fine. In his book, "The Crooks' Game," the American crook who is making a quick getaway from the police leaps into the waiting motor boat and shouts: "Kick up that other soused hobo and tread on the gas!"

Do put an American character into your next book, dear Mr. Wallace.

Your friend and well-wisher,
—DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

•

RECOMMENDATION

Shots of Mr. Hoover trouting,
Shots of weasels on an outing,
Speech by Czar of cruller-bakers,
Tricks employed by corset-makers,
Sounds of Bossy Gillis talking,
Sounds of albatrosses squawking,
Butterfly weighs sixty ounces,
Men in Denver take to flounces,
Crooning chants by Rudy Vallée,
Felines battle in an alley,
Clerk consumes, in South Dakota,
Twenty pies—his daily quota—
Kafir belles go in for blouses,
Bovine mooing as she browses—
Here's to better newsreel houses.
—PARKE CUMMINGS

•

WISE TO WED AGAIN—*Headline in the World.*

Says who?

Handwritten at REUBENS

LILY DAMITA:

(Drawn by Miss Damita)

"Délicieuse!" says New York of Mlle. Damita. "Délicieuse!" says Mlle. Damita of our Chef's enchanting Reubenola. You are both correct, Lily; we'll tell the cock-eyed world.

JACK DONAHUE:

"Mizpah" Jack Donahue

Can it be that toting those Teutonic gentlemen about, as you so entertainingly do in "Sons O' Guns," has so increased your appreciation of real German cooking that we observe your ordering so consistently of Reuben's real Vaterland victuals, of late, Jack? What do you mean, "Mizpah?" Mahlzeit!!

JACK DEMPSEY:

Reuben's famous the Best Jack Dempsey

We saw promoter Dempsey promoting our crab meat à la Dewey t'other night. What with its mushrooms, green peppers, sweet cream and sherry wine sauce, no wonder it was a sellout, Jack. We're glad you liked it.

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Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

TRUE STORIES

I—MODERN MAGIC

Fifty thousand gallons
Of bonded whiskey
Were stored in a government
warehouse
For six months or so.
Then it was examined
By the government inspectors.
Think of their surprise—
It had turned into water!

Chemists are mystified.

II—DISILLUSIONMENT

Mrs. Frank Darling
Phoned the police station
At midnight
To have some officers sent over
To stop a whoopee party
In the apartment above her.

At one-thirty she phoned again
Asking them to please
Call off the police.

III—PRIMITIVISM

A wealthy Chicagoan
With an itch for "roughing it"
Built a "summer cabin"
In the wilds of Wisconsin.

It contains twelve bedrooms,
Eight baths, all conveniences,
And an electric log-dumper
For the open fireplace.

IV—GLORIA DEI

The wideawake ladies
Of the W. C. T. U.
Were informed that school-
children
Had contracted the habit
Of smoking discarded cigars and
cigarettes.

In twelve months' time
The Monroe County branch crushed
Beneath their righteous heels
29,457 cigarette butts
And 221 cigar butts,
Winning the state championship.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

A RANCHER from the Great Open Spaces, where cows are steers recently came to New York, intent on exchanging a few dollars for a gay life A clever blonde in the front row of a chorus was attracted by the glow of his shirt studs and suggested supper at a fashionable cafe Deciding to play for the limit she told him he was big, and strong, and "awfully bright"... and then ordered some **Breyers** Ice Cream for dessert. He tried **Breyers**, too * * * * * * She is now "The Mrs." on a large ranch.

BROADWAY

Eat Breyers all-ways

ICE CREAM

More than 3,000,000 people of discriminating taste insist on Breyers Ice Cream every day—a tribute to its quality and delicious flavor.

RECENT BOOKS

English Murder—The Bierce Myth—A Gracious Ambassador—Footlights West of Broadway

THE interest of a biography is by no means in proportion to the importance of the hero. No biography of a great lawyer would be half such good reading as "For the Defence," Edward Majoribanks' story of Sir Marshall Hall. Even his biographer, who had great personal regard for Hall, concedes that Hall was hardly even a good lawyer, since he was weakest in those cases that required extensive legal knowledge. Hall, however, was an extraordinarily fine counsel for the defence, a magnetic actor, and a fine advocate. He was a courtroom idol, the "Apollo of Old Bailey," and those of you who know your English murders will remember the figure of the handsome Hall, who so often unravelled the web woven by the English Sherlocks. He was a very Philo Vance of crime. He collected fine jewelry, speculated in rare plate, and went in for sports. No mention is made of Mozart quartets. Surely a strange knight to become involved in the destinies of a Sedden or a George Joseph Smith.

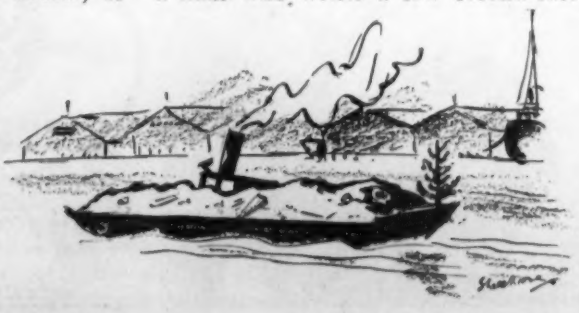
Mr. Majoribanks' engrossing book is a biography only in a casual way. His chapters on the personal misfortunes of Sir Marshall are told in the manner of a sympathetic friend; he attempts no analysis of why such a handsome and gifted gentleman chose to make his career in the dankest reaches of English life. Perhaps the explanation is obvious: who wouldn't like to be either a sleuth or a criminal lawyer?

The book is, however, a splendid series of Third Acts, with the scene inevitably laid in the courtroom. Mr. Majoribanks, in a long list of famous cases, gives you the events that led to the climax and shows you how Hall found the secret spring that opened the trap. He wasn't, of course, always successful, but he was always resourceful, dramatic, and merciful. This quality of innate kindness—and in some of his letters you see it manifest itself in sentimentality—gave zest and sincerity to his performances in court.

For the connoisseur of murder, I need only mention that, among others, Mr. Majoribanks gives Hall's side of the George Joseph Smith case (he drowned 'em in bathtubs); the Emily Dimmock murder (courtroom sketches of Wood, the defendant, are reprinted in the book); and the Green Bicycle case (in which, you know, a raven figured most gruesomely). Also, all the murders are English, with the exception of the Lock Ah Tam and Fahmy cases, and a real, first-class London killing is the strangest, most haunting, most sleep-disturbing crime in the world. And by far the best reading.

AFTER a lot of clatter about Ambrose Bierce, it seems to me that Carey McWilliams finally has done the man justice in his new biography. Bierce was unfortunate in having too many enemies while he lived and too many friends after his death. He has become the centre of a cult; labelled the "greatest American genius" and placed among the martyrs. After reading a great deal of misdirected praise of Bierce, the unprofessional reader is sometimes disconcerted and annoyed to discover that much of his writing is either outmoded in style and material or almost unreadable.

Now Mr. McWilliams, in addition to writing a careful, complete, and sane life of the man, makes some excellent critical points. Bierce was, first of all, a journalist—and I don't mean "only a journalist." He was, in a shoddy, shifty age, an honest, capable newspaperman with decent standards and the soul of an artist. To me, such praise is higher than making the man a martyred genius. All the confusion about Bierce's place in literature arises from the fact that journalism, particularly critical journalism, is not rated as a field for an artist. That is to say, a man who writes a few second-rate plays or trivial short stories, thereby getting his name on billboards and magazine-cover lines, is rated higher than the journalist who, for thirty years or so, writes essays of taste, learning, and wit.



All through his biography Mr. McWilliams stresses Bierce's great importance and his high abilities as a newspaperman. If Bierce's *Sturm und Drang* paragraphs today seem verbose and heavy, they were nevertheless great and courageous journalism in San Francisco during the Mauve Decade. To be brave, sensitive, and aristocratic when your environment is cowardly, crude, and gross is victory enough for any man. Mr. McWilliams' book is most effective in giving you the drama of Bierce's absolute, uncompromising merit in an alien and unfriendly atmosphere.

Aside from Mr. McWilliams' unsensational and sympathetic presentation of the known facts of Bierce's life, the book is valuable for its rejection of a number of Bierce myths. I do not mean those Charlie Ross stories of his disappearance in Mexico, but the more subtle yarns which would have you believe that Bierce was something rare as a psychological case. Mr. McWilliams' orderly array of facts squelches some of the wilder yarns.

While it is against my principles to quote from books, Bierce's account of his first meeting with Hearst deserves to be recounted because it is a grand description of W. R., and it is as good today as it was when it was written—even including the adjectives "young" and "youngest:"

> I found a young man, the youngest young man, it seemed to me, that I had ever confronted. His appearance, his attitude, his manner, his entire personality suggested extreme diffidence. I did not ask him in, install him in my better chair (I had two) and inquire how we could serve each other. If my memory is not at fault, I merely said: "Well" and awaited results.
>
> "I am from the San Francisco *Examiner*," he explained in a voice like the fragrance of violets made audible, and backed away a little.
>
> "Oh," I said, "you come from Mr. Hearst." Then that unearthly child lifted its blue eyes and cooed: "I am Mr. Hearst."

THE biography of the late Myron T. Herrick was compiled from material furnished to Colonel Bentley Mott by the Ambassador himself. Please do not skip through those chapters about Mr. Herrick's position during the crises of the debt situation in order to reach the description of

Lindbergh's arrival. The record of Mr. Herrick's diplomacy in the face of a rather abashing situation is excellent informative reading. Mr. Herrick, by great tact and good sense, set a new "tone" to international relations. If you read the book with the care that it deserves you will discover that the Lindbergh affair was not mere accident but that Herrick brought to this climactic occurrence the same grace and judgment that made him a useful governmental servant in less spectacular incidents.

THE books of the week are almost entirely biographical. You will like "The Private Life of Lady Hamilton," a charming translation from the French of Albert Flament. The book is scarcely more than a long essay, but it gives you a better picture of the Divine Emma than more lengthy biographies. Mr. Flament is more bewitched by the girl of the Romney portraits than he is by the lady Nelson loved, and his prettiest enthusiasms are bestowed upon the younger Emma. The study is gallantly written, being neither quarrelsome nor scandalous, and it catches Emma only in her more splendid "attitudes."

KENNETH MACGOWAN'S "Footlights Across America" is a study of the Little Theatre Movement, and is the result of an extensive survey of the art centres of this country. It is pleasantly and humorously written and beautifully free from any high-flown bunk. Mr. Macgowan is fully aware that many of the *Salon* outfits have no more relation to theatrical art than a game of charades. His book, with its mixture of reporting and criticism, is a fine guide for faltering feet. Incidentally, its agreeable style and its short histories of the famous little theatres of Europe make it good general reading. —A. W. S.

•

Miss Esther Waters was voted the most popular member of the Everglade Club at its meeting last night, owing to her ability in thinking up tricks.—*From a Massachusetts paper.*

As the long winter settles down on New England.

•

He is the perfect quarterback, the strategist "sans pere et sans reproche." —*The Sun.*

Nobody wants to tackle an orphan

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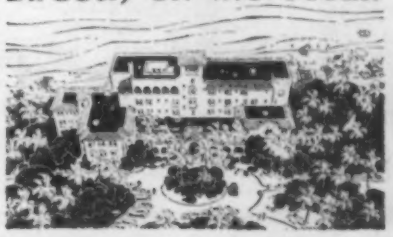

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would sound like a *cannon's roar!*

"Talkie" stars can't risk an

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Utter silence for a moment or two . . then the faint hum of motors from the sound-proof camera booths . . . poised overhead, reigns his merciless majesty the microphone . . . suddenly a red light glows in the director's control box . . . he waves his hand . . . a voice penetrates the silence. Can that voice fail that speaker? Can "husky" tones, a sneeze or cough by anyone present be tolerated? Emphatically NO! That is why "Talkie" stars depend on GLYCO Thymoline to guard against irritated throats. Their physicians recommend it.

Not everyone faces the gruelling test of the microphone, but everyone faces the danger of throat irritations.

Don't wait for a sneeze or "rusty" voice to signal danger. Follow the example of the famous "Talkie" stars and keep GLYCO Thymoline handy in your bathroom. Every morning and night as you rinse your mouth, add GLYCO Thymoline for a quick throat gargle. Try it a week and notice the difference. It refreshes and deodorizes as well as protects. So pleasant that even children quickly form the healthy habit. At all druggists. *Kress & Owen Co., New York.*

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